Tab 1

Dreary

By Carlos Kennedy Knight

As he lay, contemplating the events of yesterday evening's dreadful yet meaningful walk through the gloomy wind whistling woods that line the path between his small forest cabin home and the rest of civilization, Tin Kentron, an athletic young man with reddish brown skin and short black hair, tossed and turned on his pillow, jostling about the comforts of his bed-ish grave. Every year around this time there is an athletic competition, of intellect and endurance, a competitive arrangement intended to test and showcase the incredible natural and mutant capabilities of the youthful inhabitants of the planet. Tin participated in this competitive demonstration of evolutionary efforts, and, due to a loss of self control and a rather embarrassing accident, failed to complete the given course simultaneously ruining the chances of several other competitors and was duly disqualified from participating. Tin was not favored to perform exceedingly well by the officiating committee, nor analyst, nor the crowd or skeptics at hand anticipating the outcome of the competition, but even still, by his own considerations of his capabilities, which he assumed would give him an advantage in competition, his shortcomings in this showcase, despite the invigorating moments following the match, could be described as an unfortunately dismal and utterly dreary performance, to say the least.

Tin lives in a small egg-shaped home, made out of Pollydroop, an easily moldable, artificial substance made out of polyethylene and clay, elevated on a single golf tee shaped pillar in the middle of a grassy patch in the Solareenian Woods lent to him by an done family friends for the purpose of housing him through his studies. The Pollydroop home had a logo etched into the lower half of its egg shape, right above the top of its pillar conjunction. “DOZENTH” it read in large cream letters, that formed a thin shiny imprint in the structure.

Tin stopped shifting in his bed and lay with his eyes open and his hands supporting his head on his pillow. He was fully clothed, in a wooly tan tribal patterned shirt, blue jeans and bright red socks. Tin, who was wearing a brown and red tribal patterned T-shirt and khaki pants, looked up at the plain Pollydroop ceiling as if it were a projector, illuminating the thoughts of his mind, the memories of failure, and dreams of a self-comforting alternate reality in which he had put forth an impressive captivating demonstration of athletic agility and strategic prowess in the preliminary rounds of the Allearth Mutantologist Evolutionary Athletics and Intelligence Tournament, simply referred to as The AMEs. The Allearth Corporation was the first to successfully fuse a human's DNA with a plant organism, creating a bark covered tree-man who died years ago, and then a girl with the DNA of a tortoise, giving the girl an incrediblely long life span which continues to this day. After the creation of “enhanced” humans was normalized, The AllEarth Corporation took responsibility of creating a separate governing society for the rights of these beings in a joint effort with the already established human government and a tournament was implemented as a way of introducing those new creations to their respective communities

in hopes of giving these special humans a smooth transition into societal living. However, Tin's performance was anything but smooth and the blurry moments he could recall of the events replayed on the ceiling projector while Tin went through a range of emotions internally ranging from angry to sad to hysterical to aroused to ashamed and all the way back again. His cream colored polydroop bed and foam mattress acted as an encompassing oasis and fortress protecting him from the judgment of the outside world. Tin had moments like that before, where he had lost control, but this was different, and, on this night, he had contented himself with laying there until his reality and the projected dream became one soul easing fully formed realization of a fabricated truth, but the actuality of the rueful experience had a sugar coating that shelled the unfortunate events in the distracting emotionally dissipating prideful surprise personification and materialization of an overwhelming and unsuspectingly tangible feeling of an experience called love. Tin's projection helped ease his demeanor and he was moments away from falling off the cliff of conscientiousness into a rapturous sleep. He closed his eyes to dream the night away, but that plan, of running away to the semi-reality of his imagination, was thwarted by a distant sound of rustling in the surrounding woods.

Tin looked around and could see the moonlight shining in through the window and the refraction of light gleamed throughout the room giving the space a serene aquatic atmosphere which contrasted the wanderings of his anxious mind. The furniture, a small couch, dresser drawer, lamp, bed, and large holographic mural of a paradisical sunrise, all shown, glistening in the illumination of light blue light.

"Wakulla," Tin whispered to himself, the name of his lover in conception, a heart throbbing goddess like entity, floating through Tin's busy brain, sporadically appeared to him and then disappeared, once, twice, and then three times over, hazily interceding herself into and out of Tin's daydream. Wakulla's salamander pink skin seemed to illuminate from within with a golden hue like a burning sun, shining and hovering in the midst and her aquatic bluish green eyes twinkled and pierced the evening glow. Her hair was a pretty dark green with light green streaks. Wakulla's essence was "miragical", meaning like that of an illusory oasis that could all be wiped away with the blink of an eye.

Wakulla's image appeared to Tin as only a head and torso and she leaned into him, replaying the pleasant moment of yesterday's kiss gifted upon Tin's right cheek, right above the chin. The kiss lit up as a private movie on Tin's ceiling projector and its vision twinkled bright blue above him as it mingled with the room's engulfing tint.

Boom! Boom! Boom! A loud knocking, rumbled and shook the entirety of Tin's elevated domicile as if an earthquake had shook the room.

"What in the polydroop?" Tin thought to himself.

Wakulla's vision disappeared and Tin sat up in his bed.

"Tin!"

Before Tin could respond, he heard the alarming noise of the walls crackling. A faint melting line was drawn throughout the circumstance of the walls of the room. The line was the result of the Pollydroop structure being heated, and cut through, as if an internal horizon had sliced through the home's entirety, causing a gooey division in the walls of the Pollydroop construction. There was a momentary pause and then a swift sticky separation. The top half of Tiny elevated domicile lifted into the air revealing the entire layout of his small cylindrical home in its entirety. Startled, Tin jumped from his bed, landing in the center of his bedroom floor.

Tin’s body immediately undertook its compulsory adrenergic reaction. His eyes began to bulk and his body grew from his everyday height of three and three tenths Enures (a newly introduced volemic system of measuring height introduced by the The AME committee) to three and six tenths, which was about five feet and six inches to five-feet and ten inches, in previously conformed systems of measurement. His dark red colored skin toughened and purpled with a pinkish hue like that of some type of strange reptile. His arms, neck, back and legs covered themselves with a tough red exoskeleton that protruded from the slits in his joints, giving him a natural suit of armor. His nails changed in color from their usual clear appearance to black and lengthened a full four inches from almost nonexistence to scraping the Pollydroop floor beneath. The consistency of his muscles thickened and tightened, hardening like rocks. Tin was a Reeptilorm, a term used to say Tin’s DNA was infused with a breed of raptor before his birth causing his physique to morph when overly excited, usually in the presence of imminent danger which in the given circumstances were correctly perceived and instantaneously inhibited.

Before him, from the grassy patch surrounding The Dozenth, stood a giant human being, of at least twenty seven Enures, holding the upper half of Tin’s home in his right hand like a chef preparing an omelet breakfast. The giant was two Enures taller than the majority of the red oaks of the Solareenian Woods. Cursor, a genetically enhanced Solareenian giant with a scruffy beard and a mostly bald head, and white slightly tanned skin, incubated behind the mysterious walls of the Allearth laboratory, draped in a large tan robe hemmed with gold, chiming with the sound of its brown beaded fringes, looked down into Tin’s room from above. Cursor’s sandals were made from woven strands of leather ropes strapped to one another and fastened to the wooden planks that supported the bottom of Cursor's foot and ankle. His shoes alone were large enough to bed any average sized human with ease. Cursor waved his hot hand in the air, feeling the burning effect of having blown his hot breath on his finger nails to use them as blades to melt and cut through the Pollydroop. Cursor winced and then his enormous voice powered through once again.

“I'm hungry. And boy, you smell good!”

Cursor's voice rippled throughout the remaining Pollydroop cup in which Tin stood and Tin could feel the capillary effect of the waves crashing through to his bones. His hair flew back from the gust of wind caused by Cursor's breath and his body tensed as he readied himself to fight. Tin opened his mouth wide and shrieked a horrific shriek. The ear piercing stab of the shriek was

exalted at a completely disorienting frequency and Cursor covered his ears, tossing the top half of Tin’s egg home to the side where it landed near the trunk of a forest tree.

“There it is!” Cursor smiles, holding his ears. “You made me bleed.”

Tin didn't respond.

“Ha, I scared you!”

Cursor laughed heartily, grabbing his big belly with both hands.

“I have a question, little Reeptilorm, can you control that little trick?”

“It’s not a trick. And who are you?”

“Oh, lighten up, you should.”

Cursor's giant finger came luring down towards Tin, as if we're about to squash a bug. As quick as a twitch, he dashed from the middle of the room to a corner and then up one wall and sprung himself into the air. Cursor reached out and attempted to catch Tin in the air like a player having thrown a small red ball in a game of jax, looking to catch it as it bounced into the air He missed. Tin continued to glide through the air, flipping, three times over and landing on Cursor's shoulder. The giant reached for Tin and he ran from Cursor's shoulder up one side of his neck, grabbing Cursor’s ear and pulling himself up to the top of Cursor's head. Before Cursor could pull Tin down from his crown, Tin slid down to his forehead and landed on a thick fold of skin on Cursor's brow. There Tin swung, now grasping the meaty part of Cursor's forehead.

“Come to make fun of me, have you?” Tin asked.

Cursor used his right hand to reach for the young man, and at once Tin let go, dropping to the grassy patch of the forest floor, and rolling several feet away before hopping up in the air and landing on both feet. Tin titled his head up, looking at Cursor's large earthly colored eyes.

“I recognize you. Watching on. I could see your head near the turret of the arena.”

“That was I,” the giant assured, reaching out his enormous hand to Tin, near his own ankles.

“Cursor, I am.”

Tin didn't reach forward, afraid to be pulled up by the giant. Cursor pulled his hand back and stood tall.

“Can you tell me, precocious young friend, what exactly do you remember from your race today?”

Tin looked down at the grassy patch. It all happened incredibly fast. Cursor gave him a minute to answer.

“What does it matter? I've been disqualified.”

“What if I told you that you have not been disqualified. And not only that. What if I told you that I could help you win?”

Tin was skeptical to say the least, as his giant scout had anticipated. A personal vendetta, fueled by Cursor's own perceived shortcomings in AME competition, had led him into the treacherous woods and to Tin’s home that had now been cracked in half, and Cursor was not about to let this newfound opportunity, due to a serendipitous accident, pass him by. Tin relaxed his tense body with his outer shell retracting to normal form. His muscles and nails shrunk back to their original positions.

“*Haven’t,* say you?" Tin inquired.

“Well I found your unusual performance intriguing, and I immediately approached the competition’s governing committee about the results of the competition. Given my prestige and influence in The Allearth Organization, once I had consulted a rather pivotal piece of undebatable indoctrinating documentation, simply called the rules, the AME committee came to the merciful conclusion that you shan't be disqualified on account of your accidental interference in the race which, disappointingly, directly lead to an undoubted impediment on the success of your fellow competitors and it must be considered that said interference had an unignorable influence on the competition’s outcome, leaving the other competitors with a vehement belief that the race simply must be run again.”

Cursor bent down low, putting his hands on his knees, coming face to giant face with Tin.

“And you,” Cursor said pointing his large finger in Tin’s direction, “will only be allowed to complete under my close tutelage."

“Your tutelage?” Tin asked confusingly. “So you have to be my coach?”

“Correct,” Cursor assured, “a stipulation enacted by me on account of my haggling on your behalf.”

“But I can't.” Tin affirmed.

“Now before you adamantly disagree, an understandable reaction from someone in your particular potentially emotionally vexing set of circumstances in which your future is at compromise, I would beg of you, little sir, first, please come with me. Members of the AME committee have gathered at The Great Crater and your presence has been requested.”

Cursor gestures towards one of the wood's zig-zagging pathways.

“Oh, but first…”

Cursor picked up the upper half of Tin’s Pollydroop home and placed it back on the remaining cup of the Dozenth.

“Now, if it's alright with you, my new favorite client, off we go.”

Cursor steps in the forest woods, pulling back its large branches to clear his path. Cursor pauses for a moment to look back at Tin.

“Sure. Off we go.”

Cursor and Tin, side by side, step into the forests’ nature abound.

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In another section of the Solareenian Woods, bustling with naturally inhabiting wild creatures, the whistling wind sped its way through the trees like the swift motions of the Oglician Order, a team of black cloaked hunters, a band of constituents with their own interests in the AME tournament. The Oglician pack, of six members, were in pursuit of a Wooloxicorn, a rare animal with a valuable skin, that the Oglicians had chosen for sport on this particular evening. A single Wooloxicorn, separated from its flock, quickly stumbled its way through and around the thick vegetation as Briles, Tunton, Sorkin, Scorer and Eneed led by Fazor, an Oglician chieftain, a brown skinned man, an imposingly statured criminal trader of exotic game, strategically sprinted after the Wooloxicorn, athletically maneuvering their ways through and around the trees seemingly as quick as light could shine. Fazor took the high road, jumping from the ground onto a nearby tree branch and swinging his way from branch to branch, hot on the Wooloxicorn’s trail. The black cloaks of the Oglicians, all of which were genetically enhanced humans with mutant animal capabilities, flapped and swayed briskly through the trees like shooting shadows with their black leather boots making a light stampede-like rumble as they tracked the Wooloxicorn in a game of many cats and one mouse. In their black trousers, tied with black leather belts, and matching tactical vests, the unit could barely be seen, but if one were close enough to get a good look, they could make out the small colorful decorative patches stitched into their black cloaks and stuck to their black vests.

Fazor, a malicious conniver, a athletic brown skinned man with a beard and hair cut short low to his head, soared from tree to tree forming a forceful black blur that shook the woods. He pridefully donned a small green and gold patch, made in the image of The Oglician Order emblem with the additional shape of an eye in the bulb of the gold rose, a symbolic signifier of his Oglician Office, on his chest. The Oglicians Order was originally a small band of thieves, the resulting products of various mutant alterations, and has built itself internally into a unified conglomerate of various criminal organizations notoriously involved in political bribery with dangerous associations to illegal markets economically driven by the sale of endangered species. The Oglician Order is known for breeding savage cold-hearted soldiers and Fazor was the most intense and tactically punctual chieftain of them all, however, many members of The Oglician Order are everyday citizens and have no obligatory responsibilities when it comes to committing crimes and leave the operations of the criminal organization to the chieftains and their selected gangs. Fazor Fazor grinned as he swung along, salivating with the thrill of the chase.

The frightened creature fled in haste, breathing and grunting heavily, as it hurried on from the oncoming tracers. Wooloxicorn are bullish stockily built creatures with valuable thick leathery skins that exist in an array of glistening dark colors and short tails covered in thick wool. This particular Wooloxicorn, a strong intelligent creature with a beautiful maroon hide and a puffy white tail, was reaching the limit of its endurance. Wooloxicorn have the genetic construction of similar looking land mammals made to graze the bushes and leaves of the forest and while they do possess a physical structure thicker and more more muscular than that of those same mammals, with a dog-like paw and and shoulder bone giving it a natural speed advantage, the circulatory system of Wooloxicorn aren't designed for sprinting extended periods of time, leaving this Wooloxicorn with little time to evade the gang of Oglicians.
Briles, a brown lanky girl with braided hair that came to her shoulders, lagging behind the rest of the running clan of Oglicians, took to the sky. She pulled off her cloak and held it one one arm. A pair of black wings sprouted from out of their tucked position on her back and into the air she leaped. Briles soared, closely above the trees, flapping her wings, keeping pace with her fellow gang members below.
Scorer, a pale white skinned young man with his hair slicked back and dyed white, genetically enhanced human infused with the DNA of various land mammals, jaguars, leopards and such, heightened his pace, closing in on the Wooloxicorn, but Eneed noticed the twisting path that lay ahead of the Wooloxicorn and ran to an upcoming turn to head the animal off as the Wooloxicorn quickly made its way around a cluster of thorny bushes. Eneed, an aggressive competitor with a shrewd personality and oily olive skin, broad shoulders and a muscular build, a most physically intimidating woman, brought her running to an abrupt stop and slid on all fours for quite a long distance across the grass forest floor, coming to a halt in front of the Wooloxicorn which was now running directly at her. Eneed spread her arms wide, as if awaiting a big hug, hoping to catch the Wooloxicorn in its path, but just as it approached, Scored roared and lunged for the animal.

“He’s mine!” Scorer yelled.

This startled the Wooloxicorn causing it to momentarily freeze, skid forward and roll over to the side before once again finding its footing and speeding off in another direction. Scorer hurried after the Wooloxicorn, first passing Eneed, who stood with her frustrated arms in the air. Scorer gave her a push, sending Eneed tumbling to the ground, her face landing in dirt, before rushing off.

“Dammit Scorer!” Eneed screamed as she pounded her fist into the dirt.

Tunton, a grey skinned rock of a man, tall, bald and muscular with a big belly and the horn of a rhinoceros for a nose, and Sorkin, a skinny tan young man of average height with black dreaded hair, gained on the fleeing Wooloxicorn which was now headed in a direction perpendicular to their sprinting path. Tunton was in the lead and appeared as if he might be first to reach the animal. Tunton reached for his Stinger, an electronic gun, holstered underneath his cloak as he ran furiously, pointing the gun at the Wooloxicorn. Before Tunton could pull the trigger, Fazor swooped down in front of him from a tree branch above, obstructing Tunton view of his prey. Fazor took after the animal on foot with Tunton and Sorkin close behind. Briles continued to soar above and dipped down low nearing the tiring Wooloxicorn. The Oglicians were now only paces away from catching the Wooloxicorn and it appeared as if Fazor or Briles would be the one to capture the animal, until Scorer came lunging out a thicket of bushes, momentarily flying through the air, as he pulled a Stinger Clasp, a small device designed to attach to its target and incapacitate with a vicious electric shock, from the utility pouch of his belt, aiming and throwing it at the running Wooloxicorn. The Stinger Clasp landed on the right hip of the Wooloxicorn and gave the animal a vicious shock. The body of the Wooloxicorn stiffened and it fell to its side with a great thud, coming to a rough skid on the grassy ground. Scorer landed nearby. The running Oglicians came to a stop surrounding the animal. Scorer bent down to admire his catch, smiling a winning smile. Fazor approached the animal.

“Beautiful. A rare maroon Wooloxicorn. The skin alone is worth forty-thousand Driplets,” Fazor beamed.

“Can we eat it?” Asked Tunton as he approached the Wooloxicorn with Sokin at his side. “Due a proper expensive meal aren't we?” Sorkin chimed in. “Forty-thousand Crispies, a luxurious scrape of the plate.” Tunton added. “Shut it! Eat your pants!” Fazor yelled. Tunton and Sorkin quieted as Briles came swooping down, landing near the rest of the crew. Fazor scornfully locked eyes with Briles in clear content of her lackadaisical effort in the hunt. Fazor had just opened his lips to begin his reprimand, when-

“Scorer!”

Eneed yelled from behind a tree. She burst from behind the tree, and in a furious rage, quickly rushed towards Scorer, but, before she could reach him, Fazor put out a hand, pressing it to Eneed's shoulder.

“Calm yourself,” Fazor instructs. Eneed pulls Fazor’s hand away with her eyes still focused on Scorer. “He cheated!” Eneed furiously protested, intending to pay Scorer back for his push during their pursuit of the Wooloxicorn, but before she could Fazor reached out again, this time giving Eneed a stinging slap on the cheek. “I said calm yourself,” Fazor insisted. Eneed turned to look Fazor in his eyes as she shook off the effect of the slap in an instance. It wasn't the first time Eneed had been slapped by a nefarious criminal mischief, and each blow coming from a man much stronger than Fazor, experiences Endeed thought of as she wiped her cheek. “The chase was expressly non-contact regarding other Order members,” Eneed pleaded. “You lost,” said Fazor. “You failed when you allowed him to cheat and get away with it.”

Fazor turned his attention to Briles who stood with her arms folded and her wings now tucked back underneath the cloak she threw over her shoulders and tied at the neck. “Briles, you had an opportunity to swoop down and capture the Wooloxicorn. Should I take your hesitation as pity for your fellow Oglicians, a frivolous forfeit, a demonstration of your superiority, or a blatant show of indifference?” Briles didn't answer. Fazor continued. “Or did you suddenly grow a soft spot for Wooloxicorn?” Briles remained quiet. “Answer me,” Fazor insisted, “You can fly for God's sake!” Briles smiled a most perturbed smile. “I got a cramp in my wing,” she answered. The gang of Oglicians snickered, all except for Fazor. Fazor quickly approached Briles, coming to a stop but inches away from bumping right into her. Fazor reached out with one hand and placed it on the patch on Briles’s vest. “I don't think it's funny,” said Fazor. Briles stiffens. Fazor quickly snatches the patch from her vest. “You are no longer team leader for tomorrow’s event” Fazor explained as he tossed the patch to Scorer. “Let’s head out. Everyone to the truck. Tunton, grab the Wooloxicorn. The rest of that herd couldn't have gotten far.” Tunton picked up the Wooloxicorn in his arms and tossed it over one shoulder. The Oglicians trekked off through and out of the woods at a brisk walking pace.

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Tin and Cursor were now in the thick of the tall red leaved trees that made up the Solareenian Woods. This collection of trees stretched two miles in any direction and the Dozenth sat very close to the center of those woods. The crowded leaves and branches were difficult for Cursor to step his way through. Cursor pushed the trees aside, occasionally tripping over the smaller

trees and, in a treacherous step, bumped his foot into a large boulder, of six Enures at least, stubbing his big toe that hung over the edge of his sandal. “Aw!” Cursor screamed and caught his footing, avoiding a great fall. Cursor picked up the rock in his right hand and threw the rock with all of his might. The rock went flying through the air and out of sight, landing somewhere at an unseeable distance. Cursor angrily stepped again right into the branch of a tree. The impact sent the giant stumbling back and grabbing his face. Cursor took a deep breath and wiped his face. Tin, down below, was having a much easier time, having skipped through the woods on many occasions. Tin quite easily pranced his way through the woods, jumping from boulder to boulder with ease, landing on the grassy patches and walking in between. Cursor smiled, moderately impressed. “Slow down. I'm going to prick myself to death at this pace.” Tin came to a stop atop a rock twice his size and made eye contact with the giant peering down. “So you helped make the Great Crater, you say?” Tin asked.

“Yes, it was simple really. A few giant buddies of mine engaged in a slew of wooden barrels filled with frothy spirits and went rock pummeling in the Eastern Plain.”

“And Commissioner Emblemson is there now, waiting for me?”

“That's right. The press took a surprise interest in your mishap and Comissioner Emblemson sees it as a chance to improve human-mutant relations.”

“How so?”

“I”ll explain.”

Cursor takes a careful step and then another and then another slowly making his way through the woods again. Tin jumps from atop the rock on which he stood and quickly pressed along, keeping by Cursor's side with very little fear of being crushed by the giant’s wooden bottomed shoes.

“Vonderick is your coach, if I'm correct.”

“He is.”

“Let's start there. Vonderick is an AME appointed coach for independent competitors meant to give everyone in competition with a qualifying chance a fair set of fundamental practices under the AME guidelines. Meaning Vonderick’s expertise is in general athletics and he hasn't the resources to provide a more personal analytical diagnosis of the advantages and disadvantages of each mutant athlete's unique genus. I have already trained three Reeptilorms in my illustrious fifty year career, all of which won enormous prizes. Your body's reaction during the obstacle race was not a fault of your own, but a failure on the behalf of the AME committee in accordance with their stated attempt to give every enhanced human a safe accommodating training environment. With Team Everforce and I, you'll have nothing but the best.”

There are four different main categories of enhanced humans resulting from either scientific infusion or intercourse between two different adult mutated humans. There are Homolinians, those of animals with hair, Placosis, those with scales and other fish like qualities, Avercees, those with feathers or wings, and, finally Reeptilorms, a species featuring Jurassic DNA. Any others fell into smaller lesser known or specified categories. Each competing athlete was of a vastly different physical construction and they all needed specified training regiments to perform at their highest level. Tin was aware of this, but still tentative in his response.

“Well I appreciate the thought, but I'm not sure how I feel being thrust into the spotlight on account of a mistake.”

The mistake, Tin referred to, wasn't as much of a mistake as it was an ill timed reaction. Yesterday, Tin lined up amongst a handful of the most promising athletes in competition to compete in an obstacle course race in which style and strategic ingenuity were heavily considered, in combination with finishing time, in the unofficial public judging of each individual athlete. It was a preliminary race for athletes attempting to qualify for the rest of the tournament. Tin began the race in a quality sprint over the flat stretch of the track. Tin started in a calm state with his more human appearance on display, but the heat of the race, and the verbal jousting of his fellow competitors, triggered the instinctual physically transformative qualities of his raptor genetics. Tin shrieked a loud shriek and grew into his visibly Reeptilorm form which strengthened his body, but engaged the more animalistic behaviors of his mind. Tin sped near the front of the pack, ripping up the track, pulling out several rocks from the ensuing rock wall and tearing the netted field obstacle, before stopping for a drink in the pool of the swimming line, ultimately ending up just a few strides away from the finish line, to the roarious delight of the crowd, where, unfortunately, his long black toenails got stuck in the muddy ground, sending Tin tumbling to the ground in a muddy heap. The officiating crew called the race to an end without declaring a winner due to the destruction of the obstacle course. Laslur, who got caught in the destroyed netted obstacle during the race, called for Tin’s disqualification after the race. “Get the reep out of here. You destroyed the whole track, weird little freak!” Laslur said to Tin after the race, unbeknownst to the cheering crowd. “You'll be disqualified,” he added. “There will be no need,” Tin responded, “I quit!” Tin quickly exited the Obstacle Track Auditorium and made his way towards The Dozenth. For Tin, and the other racers alike, it was hardly an endorsable performance.

“Ah, but it is not I who requested your presence this evening,” Cursor responded, lifting his large index finger into the air, “It is Emblemson. Surely you must speak with the Commissioner before making any decisions.”

Tin thought this over for a moment.

“Well, yes. If it's for the Commissioner then attending would be best.”

Cursor and Tin reached the end of the heavily treed woods and grassy plains that lay before them. The evening was nearing its end and the sky was glowing a tranquil peachy purple color

with red rays streaking through the sky. The clouds seemed to blend into the colorful backdrop. Cursor stepped around the last tree with a sense of great relief and Tin jumped from one last boulder landing in the grass.

“Almost there.” Cursor said.

Tin looked at ten miles of green field in front of him.

“How so?” Tin asked, clearly befuddled. Cursor pulled one of his giant feet up to his mouth and bit off the toenail of the largest toe on his right foot. The bite left Cursor with a crescent shaped toenail, two Enures long, in his mouth. Cursor put his right foot back on the ground and spit the toenail into his left palm. Cursor bent down low on one knee and held out the large toenail for Tin to take.

“Here take this,” Cursor instructed.

“What is this for?” Tin asked.

“You'll see!”

In the blink of an eye, Cursor quickly used his right hand to scoop Tin upwards and with a mighty twirl, spinning his entire body up and around, Cursor threw Tin, shotputting the Reeptilorm and the toenail with all his might, ending his spin in a powerful pose with his arm outstretched before him.

“Ahhhhhhh!”

“Ahhhhhhh!”

Cursor let out a scream as he made his throw and Tin screamed aloud as he, holding the toenail tight, went soaring through the air at a great speed. Cursor broke his pose and ran in the direction in which Tin had been thrown, traversing the plain with giant strides. Tin reached the peak of his trajectory, high in the purple sky, and began gliding along, passing a few chirping birds along the way. Tin marvelled at his view as the wind wrapped him in a whimsical gust, and for a moment, he could see Wakulla's face, floating, in an atmospheric projection amongst the clouds. It was a terrifyingly freeing adventurous experience for a minute or so before Tin and the toenail began their downward trajectory back down to the ground.

“Aaaaaaaah!”

Tin screamed again, standing up on top of the toenail and preparing for impact. Cursor was keeping pace below, nearing the end of the ten mile plain, beyond which was The Great Crater, a mile long pit in the Earth’s crust. Tin came speeding down towards the ground, just feet away from crashing into the grassy plains, landing on the sandy wall of the Great Crater. Tin rode the

toenail like a board down the enormous wall. Cursor reached the end of the plains at top speed and jumped into the Great Crater, landing on his buttocks hallway down its slope and sliding down the rest of the crater wall. Cursor grabbed the flapping extremities of his tan robe and used them to steer himself to a sliding stop at the bottom of the crater. Tin rode the toenail until it reached the wall's end and leapt from the nail, allowing it to slide on for a distance as he landed on his hands and knees at the crater's floor. Tin and Cursor now stood in between a set of eight white lines, the markings of a racing track, that were drawn into the circumference of the crater.

The Great Crater was created as a park for giants to participate in various tackling sports but over the years was assimilated into a grounds for human mutant training and leisure.

A group of seven Avercees flew at top speed over a track outlining the crater wall. The Avercees all flapped their color wings, grown with the genetic influences of various birds and bees, as they raced around the track. The Avercees were all dressed in training uniforms displaying their various organizational affiliations. Leodus, a certified Captain in a black and green Oglician tracksuit, a man with black wings, was in the lead. He was black skinned and strong. Leodus soared around the track with ease, gracefully flapping his broad wings, enacting a strategy of flapping vigorously and then tucking them back at his side. Sophilia, an elderly woman, with cream colored skin and wonderful wrinkles on her face, butterfly wings, dressed in a red Flyers jumpsuit, took the pause in Leodus's flapping as an opportunity to speed past him and take the lead. The pack swooped down low and flew by, and around, Tin and Cursor. Sophilia and Leodus sped by followed by the other Avercees. Their colorful wings were all either insectual or feathered, and those wings feverishly pushed the flying creatures around the track. One Avercee, with a set of large, yellow and black, bees wings, came flying and buzzing by Tin causing his ears to ring. Tin covered his ears with hands as the bee Avercee brushed past him in a gust of wind.

"Whoa!"

"Ha! It looks like Sophilia has taken the lead!"
Cursor said, adding his commentary to the race. "But we do not have time to await the final result. On we go." Cursor and Tin turned towards the middle of the crater which was filled with mutated trees and foliage, scattered about, forming clear paths lit by the shimmering plants that encircled a desert plain at its very center. Tin and Cursor stepped onto a dry sandy pathway that led them into the maze of the mutated garden. Scattered about the garden were Glowing Quercuses, that sparkled and glittered bright neon colors. Tin could spot a person, high up, on the branch of an enormous yellow Quercus, a lounging Homolimian woman reading a book. The Homolian woman was large and strong, almost completely naked except for a cloth covering her lap. She had reddish brown hair covering her body and her exposed breasts hung to her sides. She was lying back with her legs crossed, one arm behind her head, and used the other hand to hold the book in the air. She laughed at a witty remark made by a character in her book. Her rumbling giggle could be heard at the garden floor. Tin laughed as well, unbeknownst to the joke, but the woman's joyous laugh was enough.

Tin and Cursor continued on amongst a patch of bright shrubs that decorated the grassy ground aside the sandy path. The fruit of the shrubs were fat, clear skinned globes with colorful translucent gelatin fruit inside, some of which were pink and the others blue. Tin picked a blue fruit and took a bite. The juices flowed from his chin.

“Mmm. Enamouringly sweet.”

Tin pulled another blue fruit from a bush and tossed it high to Cursor. Cursor caught it in his mouth and quickly swallowed it whole.

“I agree.”

Sitting on the grassy floor, a few paces away, stood Astrinae, a man with olive skin, grey and white fur covering his lower extremities and arms, with his muscular chest and core exposed, posing with one leg in the air and the other planted firmly on the ground. He was holding the long cut branch of a bamboo tree, a pole of three Enures, which he used to help keep his balance. He was wearing a necklace with a gold charm. The charm had the Flyer's emblem etched into it. The necklace swung about as Astrinae, a certified Athlete who taught martial arts, jumped from one foot to the other, supporting himself first with the right and then with the left. Astrinae thrusted the pole into the ground and lifted both legs into the air using the pole to support his body. Astrinae stretched his body out flat as he posed at an angle perpendicular to the pole.

“Rather impressive,” Tin commented.

“He’s not done,” Cursor responded.

Astrinae used his powerful core to swing his legs forwards, propelling himself in a swinging spiral around the pole. Around and around he spun, dizzyingly so, before eventually slowing down and coming to a peaceful stop. Astrinae lowered himself to the ground and posed himself again upon one foot. His necklace seemed to gleam like the surrounding fruit of the garden. Tin and Cursor continued on, passing more glowing queercuses and exotic mutated shrubbery of all kinds. Young, small Homolinians, ran through the sandy paths and climbed the trees that lit their happy faces. The children were all mostly human in appearance, but a few of them had brown or black hair covering their hands,face, and feet and snouts like various bullish creatures. The boys wore brown shorts, covered in colorful fruit stains, that cut off at the knees. The girls mostly wore the same except for their bright floral patterned shirts. They all raced to the top of a tree and then back to the ground again. Tin and Cursor carefully stepped around the children at play before eventually reaching a more unoccupied section of the garden. There they found a single Homolinian, a man, with oily black skin and short white hair on his head and legs, and puffy black hair on his head, using the branch of a bright red quercus as a pull-up bar. Up and down, over and over again the Homolinian, pulled himself into the air. This man was Zearcher, a man

with some squirrel blood pumping through his veins. Tin and Cursor admired the excercise from afar as they neared the end of the garden.

“It's quite peaceful here at night. Sometimes I still come here to train, occasionally joining in a game of ‘tackle the giant’ with the children.”

“I’ve been here once before, with my parents. But that was a long time ago.”

Tin and Cursor, finally, reached the end of the garden paths and stepped onto a stretch of desert land, with large cracks in its surface, surrounding the center of The Great Crater.

At the very center point of the dry land, sat The Kabrin Hall, a massive black box shaped structure of eighty Enures, a spa of sorts with large dining halls.Tin and Cursor began to traverse the stretch of desert land separating them and the hall. More than twenty paces away, stood a hulking Hoglercept, a reddish purple man-made creature featuring genetics prominently consisting of pig and triceratop DNA. The Hoglercept suddenly startled and charged, with a headful of steam, in Tin’s direction. Tin stiffened and tried to control his breathing, when Magnara, a sunburnt woman with flowing blonde hair, dressed in a purple leather halter top and mini-skirt and matching boots, appeared in the distance, riding a dark green man-made philosoraptor, like a horse. Magnara was in chase of the Hoglercept. The Hoglercept quickly made its way past Tin and Cursor who momentarily paused, and looked on at the chase. Managara soon passed as well and gained on the Hoglercept. Mangara stood on the back of her galloping raptor as it ran side by side with the Hoglercept. Magnara leaped from the back of the raptor and landed on the back of the Hoglercept. The Hoglercept made a few more strides before Magnara grabbed the animal by the horns and twisted with all her might, turning the neck of the Hoglercept causing it to fall to one side. Magnara and the Hoglercept crashed to the ground. Magnara stood and victoriously pinned the animal to the ground. Magnara smiled as she rubbed the belly of Hoglercept.

“You almost got away that time,” Magnara teased. The Hoglercept snorted a giggle and Magnara’s raptor approached her side.

“Magnara, as beautiful as ever. She's the strongest competitor I've ever trained. A Reeptilorm like you.”

“You trained her?”

“Really trained with. I used to feed her philosoraptor.”

Cursor waved to Magnara in the distance and she waved back. Cursor grinned as he and Tin continued through the desert, nearing The Kabrin Hall. Surrounding the Kabrin Hall was a moating crystal blue pool constructed of white marble. The walls of the pool came to an end in front of the large black doors that were trimmed with gold. The separation left a clear pathway to the entrance. Tin and Cursor walked the path approaching the massive doors of thirty-four

Enures. On both sides of the path, the pool featured an elevated hot spring fountain with white marble walls separating the steaming fountains from the rest of the moat. The waters flowed over the edge of the fountains and into the larger stream of the moat. In the fountain to the left, Shanina, a slim lanky girl, with grey translucent jellyfish skin, completely naked except for a grey patch that covered her genitals, her round grey breast and nipples exposed, arose from the waters and took a seat on the edge of the pool. Shanina glowed pink and purple in the evening light. The tentacles on her head were thin and laid back like the pattern of human hair. The tentacles glowed at their ends. She smiled a smile that illuminated itself in bright purple light and for a moment an electric surge lit her eyes. In the fountain to the right, standing on a small circular black Pollydroop board, stood Vershna, an enchanting woman covered in slick black skin. Her knees, elbows, and breasts were covered in green snake scales and she wore a snakeskin skirt around her large hips. Her eyes were black and slanted like a snake. Her black hair was wrapped in a tight bun. She had gold jewelry on her hands, arms and ankles. Her split tongue quickly slid out of her mouth and then back in again. Her wiry body was strong and glistening. Of average height she stood amid a demonstration of control, juggling three metal balls that had been covered in kerosene and lit aflame. The black pupils of her eyes light up in sight of the flame. Vershna used her body's natural vibrating emissions to make the flaming balls float inches above her skin, never allowing the balls to actually come in contact with her skin. The balls floated above her palms and feet as she moved her body in a trance inducing dance. Shanina and Vershna are certified Athletes, paid to entertain the visitors of The Kabrin Hall. Vershna’s ball blazed bright and Shanina used her electric body to electrocute and light up the fountain pool, tricks they did as visitors entered The Kabrin Hall. “Hello gentlemen,” Shanina said, “Cursor.” Shanina gave Cursor a nod. “Welcome to The Kabrin Hall,” Vershna said and threw one of the balls she juggled high in the air where it exploded into thin air. Versha, using a sleight of hand, retrieved another ball and set it aflame, with the flame of the others, before juggling it with the rest. Tin and Cursor soon reached the doors of The Kabrin Hall and the doors opened upon their approach. Cursor and Tin stepped inside the large Welcome Hall and the doors shut behind them.

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“Gentlemen,” called a voice from the long Pollydroop desk of the welcome hall. “Your party is awaiting your arrival.” Mari, a short light brown skinned middle aged man with a bald head and a pot belly, wearing a black suit, shirt, and shoes, headmaster of Kabrin operations, spoke to Tin and Cursor from behind a wooden desk that stretched out to a length of two hundred feet long, covering the entire side of the Welcome Hall to the right of the entrance.

“Stand on the circle,” Cursor instructed as he pointed to a gold circular plate, of ten Enures, sitting in front of the long desk on the Hall's floor. Cursor and Tin step onto the plate and Mari presses a button, sending the plate sliding down the hall and around a corner at the end of the desk.

Hall 62, a massive cavernous rocky walled hall with square-topped cream colored Pollydroop tables that were attached to the Pollydroop floor below, was now being occupied by an anxious crowd of AME constituents that shuffled about the hall. At the western end of the hall was a long Pollydroop bench, forty Enures in length, with burgundy cushions, intended for giant beings. Three chandeliers, crafted in the likeness of a glowing quercus, hung high from the rocky ceiling, lit the room along with a string of lamps with a similar likeness, placed around the dining table and the entrance to the dining room. At the eastern end of Hall 62 an elevated platform housed a podium for speeches and behind it was a square Pollydroop dining table. Behind the table sat Commissioner Emblemson, his wife, Rawra, and three other members of the AME committee. Upon its creation The AllEarth Corporation created an emblem, the image was of a gold outline of the sun. The letters ‘A’, ‘M’, 'E’, ‘A’, and ‘I’, sat on the circumference of the sun in between the sun rays. Commissioner Emblemson, a dark yellow-gold skinned older man with short black hair and a beard that matched, tall and lean in stature, was dressed in red robe with gold trim. He wore slick black leather shoes and a large shining medallion, with an AME emblem charm, clamped to a gold necklace swung from his neck. Rawra, a woman with a complexion similar to her husband's, but a little lighter, was dressed in a similar garb, but hers was of bright green color. She had dark green leather heels on her feet. The other members of the committee, a Homolinian Flyer scientist, an event planner, a short Oglician Placosis woman, and an Everforce coordinator of human relations, an Avercee woman with white wings, were all suited in flight suits, colored to match their respective affiliations, that had patches of merit pinned to the chest. There wasn't a plate on the table. The Commissioner had instructed the waiting staff to await Tin’s arrival. The Commissioner, who sat in a seat all the way to the left of the table, with his wife and fellow AME Committee members to his right, looked out over the drifting diners from his seat.

Amongst the crowd were sixteen mutant ambassadors, three team leaders acting as representatives for their respective brands, fourteen coaches, four AllEarth scientists, thirteen

corporate investors including two representatives from the Pollydroop Corporation, four AME Committee security guards, and twenty-five members of the press. The ambassador all wore flight suits, suits, or dresses, with colors that matched their respective affiliations. The security guards wore red and yellow uniforms with guns on their belts and the AME Committee emblem on their chests while the members of the press and the corporate representatives all wore black and white suits or dresses.

Ambassador Burtonin, a brown skin middle aged man, with a smooth face and the softened body of an ex-athlete, wearing a red suit with Flyers patches pinned to the chest and red leather dress shoes, and Gegsin, a white skinned AllEarth scientist, with glasses and frizzy salt and pepper hair that matched his patchy partially shaved facial hair, usually dressed in a white lab coat, which he wore at the time, wearing black leather tennis shoes, stood near the western end of the hall conversing. They both held silver cups filled with bubbling punch. They spoke low as other members of the crowd passed to and fro. Gegsin sipped from his cup and began with his inquiry.

“Burtonin, what if I told you that testing of my hydration solution has transformative implications and could introduce enhanced humans to a great tasting, superior form of vitamin consumption which would unlock a new level of efficiency in the digestion system expediting the natural evolutionary process. Would you still be opposed to making Gegsinelixor the topical interest of the ensuing advertisement campaign for this year's tournament? Or do you believe that the public’s pity of an untrained athlete is the more ethical and therefore sensical approach?”

“I'd say the results of your test can only be considered with the possible long term side effects and, even stil,l the accuracy of the results are based on the account of uncontrolled variables, therefore attaching The AME Tournament and its athletes to an experimental drink would be the clearly more unethical approach, no matter the taste,” Burtonin answered stiffly.

“If we're speaking of probabilities, the modifications of my drink were enacted with precision under the watchful eye of certified AllEarth scientists and adhere to all federal regulations, while a compulsive animalistic reaction that, without being properly identified and diagnosed, will likely occur again, your chances of embarrassing the participants and the committee alike are far less with the former.”

Burtonin drank the rest of his drink. “I'm hungry. When is the boy getting here?” he asked.

Commissioner Emblemson was waiting patiently from his seat behind the podium. Rawra enjoyed a quick witted quib with the committee members to her right before turning to her husband.

“What a travesty? The impertinence and neglect of the prestige of the administration's prosperity driven efforts in the human modification community with the collective consciousness having succumbed to a modern obligation to economic fortitude. A telling and encompassing narrative in realization of current interests,” she joked.

“I believe that putting the emotional stability of one single athlete at the forefront of tournament narrative is a most honorable investment,” answered Commissioner Emblemson.

“Wouldn't the successes and accomplishments of impressive personalities with dedicated followings, like Laslur, be equally as considerable and a more foundationally stable effort considering the aspects of the campaign already in place?”

“Tin’s re-entry into the race and the public’s sympathetic interests will not have a significant impact on the final outcome of the competition. Attention to lesser known competitors will only strengthen the campaign overall.”

“Are you sure?”

“Sure? Why wouldn't I be sure?”

“What about Wakulla? Laslur has taken a personal liking to her.”

“And of what matter is that?”

“The girl has eyes for Tin. It is surely an infuriating companionship for Laslur. A most confounding figure for Tin and Laslur both. It's sure to have some effect.”

“And how would you know this?”

Commissioner Emblemson leaned in to his wife, raising his thin black eyebrows.

“The emotional stability at mention isn't completely dependent on the competitive circumstances in question. Matters of love and war are constantly intertwined. I figured we must know, mustn't we. And besides, I could see her following him out of the stadium after the race.”

“Following him where?”

“I don't know, somewhere off in the woods near his little cottage. The situation could be of use in persuading Tin to cooperate with the proposed strategy.’

“Possibly.”

“You're welcome.”

Commissioner Emblemson kisses his wife on the cheek as Mari, Tin and Cursor enter Hall 62.

“Tin, the commissioner would like a word with you before your introduction.’

“My introduction?”

“Yes, while the meeting was impromptu, it is still technically a committee meeting and any featured guest is given an introduction. Cursor you can have a seat.”

Mari and Cursor head to the Commissioner’s table. Cursor heads for the giant bench. It was a rather long walk from the open entrance of Hall 62 to the Commissioner's table. The crowd of constituents took notice, quietly watching as Tin approached the commissioner, and many of them took their seats. Commissioner Emblemson stood from his chair as Tin and Mari reached the table, literally welcoming Tin with open arms.

“Tin Kentron, a name that will surely ring throughout these halls for centuries to come. Please have a seat next to me. An ambassador brings Tin a folding pollydroop chair and he sits at the left end of the table. Commissioner Emblemson sits and turns to face Tin.

“How are you feeling, Tin? You have, unsuspectingly been thrust into the spotlight, intrusively so. I apologize on behalf of the AME committee.”

“Thank you Commissioner. I feel fine I guess.”

“Great! That is most important. Cursor didn't scare you, did he?”

“Scare me. No. Startled for a moment I'd say.”

Commissioner Emblemson smiled at this response. On the west end of the hall Cursor sat on the giant bench next to Oweclerem, a charming lighter skinned enhanced human with long brown hair and beard and a morphable skeletal structure that changes in size in accordance with his nutritional consumption. He was wearing a black rubber suit that expanded as he grew and black leather sandals on his feet. The more Oweclerem eats the bigger he gets and ,when he fails to hydrate or feed, his body shrinks almost to the size of an average human. Oweclerem hadn't eaten since lunch and his body was currently stretched to a length of only twenty Enures.

“Good evening Cursor,” Oweclerem says, greeting Cursor as he sits.

“Oweclerem,” Cursor says with a nod, "you're looking exceptionally trim.”

Oweclerem smirks at the remark before responding.

“I fortunately can not say the same for you. You're as stout as a mountain.”

Cursor and Oweclerem engage in polite conversation as Commissioner Emblemson continued to speak with Tin on the west end.

“We would've sent a member of the committee for your retrieval, but Cursor wanted to give you his proposition on his own. Have you considered his offer to join Team Everforce?”

“Considering is an accurate description.”

“Good. The tablet, please.”

Commissioner Emblemson gestures to a nearby ambassador holding a square glass plate of two Enures, which acts as a viewing screen. The ambassador approached the table with the screen in hand.

“I was able to contact your parents earlier this evening from a transmitting station.”

Mari wiped his hand across the screen and an image appeared. A holographic recording of Tin's parents, Wintin, a shorter light brown middle aged man with black hair, hazel eyes and a receding hairline, and Surge, a light pink skinned woman with thick thighs, hips, buttocks, mostly black hair with a purple accent, brown eyes and large breasts that bounced as she spoke, sitting in the pilot chairs of a small three room spaceship, floating its way through deep space, played on the glass tablet’s screen. Surge spoke first.

“Hello son. I understand that Team Everforce has made you an offer. You're father and I are in the Statceone quarter of the galaxy, but we're behind you one hundred percent.”

“That's right son. An endorsement from that of an established brand like Team Everforce is a prestigious honor. You should be proud. We sure are,” Wintin expressed.

“I remember the first time you had a bad headache and went all prehistoric on us. You broke half of the furniture and scratched up our freshly paved Pollydroop floor. I'm glad your temper has finally come to your aid,” Surge adds.

“We're happy for you and be sure to-”

Before Wintin could finish his sentence there was a glitch in the transmission. The image on the screen fluttered and then disappeared from view. Mari interceded.

“Their transmission was interrupted by a meteor shower in the Statceone quarter.”

Mari waves a hand and the ambassador holding the screen stepped away from the table before making a quick exit. Commissioner Emblemson leaned closer to Tin.

“If you're worried about your coach, Coach Vonderick is okay with the transaction and your contract with Team Everforce will be implemented, firstly, on a temporary probationary basis. If things don't work out, you can return to Coach Vonderick or pull out of contention completely. I

know this is all very sudden, but your incident has captured the hearts and attention of the galaxy and the committee wishes to capitalize."

"I understand," Tin answered.

"Good. Then you will agree to join Team Everforce?"

"I suppose. Yes."

"Wonderful!"

The Commissioner was visibly pleased and gave Mari a quick nod. Mari approached the Pollydroop podium and addressed the crowd.

"Ladies. Gentlemen. Please, take your seats."

The remaining standing constituents, including Ambassador Burtonin and Gegsin, sat at the Pollydroop tables.

"Tin Kenton, the newest edition to Team Everforce, has arrived."

Mari gestures to Tin and the sitting audience applauds. Mari continued.

"Commissioner Emblemson has prepared a presentation."

Mari steps aside. Commissioner Emblemson stands and approaches the stadium. Commissioner Emblemson cleared his throat before he spoke.

"I would like to begin by thanking you all for your attendance and dedication to the functionality of this committee. Tonight's gathering is for the purpose of discussing the completive discourse of the narrative surrounding this year's Allearth Mutantologist Evolutionary Athletics and Intelligence Tournament. Our traditional efforts are still at the forefront, while the current circumstances have called for a more personable approach."

Upon this utterance, an opening, in the Pollydroop podium, revealed itself and a large glass tablet screen, of fifteen Enures, arose from out of the floor. The screen began to play a holographic recording of yesterday's obstacle race, in which Tin had his compulsory reaction. Tin stood at the starting line, ready to run, next to Laslur, with a handful of other competitors at their side. Laslur and Tim exchange a quick word and the race begun. Tin ran angrily and, at first, made great progress through the track of the course. Laslur yelled something else to his fellow competitors and Tim tried to ignore him, but before reaching the rock wall, he transformed and shrieked his awful shriek. The audience of constituents was slightly amused. Tin made his way up the wall, through the field of nets and through the swimming pool, tarnishing the

construction of each obstacle along the way, before he ultimately met his end near the finish line. A few members of the audience giggle.

“Don't laugh,” Emblemson demands.

“We are not to make light of this incident. Tin has worked very hard to prepare for this event and this preliminary race provided him with a chance to qualify for the rest of the tournament. We're partly responsible for his loss and owe him a fair chance at success. There will be one last qualifying obstacle course race and the tournament will begin. So, from now, until the start of the race, the vocal focal point of the committee and its partners will be using our scientific innovations to better the health and safety of every competing athlete while raising awareness of genetic complications that could affect each athlete. Tin Kenton has agreed to be the face of that campaign and will be signing to Team Everforce.”

A holographic image of Tin, wearing a blue and white Team Everforce uniform, appeared on the glass tablet screen. The crowd applauded. Mari, approached the table with a small glass tablet in hand. The tablet displayed the image of a holographic contract. Tin hesitated for a moment, with the eyes of every occupant of Hall 62 quietly awaiting his endorsement. Tin raised his hand to the glass and, with a squiggly wipe of the screen, the contract was signed. Tin was now a member of Team Everforce. The crowd applauded again. The screen of the glass tablet went blank and retracted back into the floor of the Pollydroop podium.

“All committee members and sponsoring representatives will receive packets containing the details of the AME Tournament’s latest political campaign strategy. The notions are suggestive, except for a few key points on proper nutrition and conduct which leaves room for a certain amount of improvisation. Together we can make this year’s tournament the greatest yet. Thank you all for your attendance. Enjoy your dinner,” says Commissioner Emblemson, ending his presentation. The constituents of Hall 62 applauded and Commissioner Emblemson took his seat. Mari waved a hand and twenty waiters entered the hall, bringing Pollydroop platters of fruitful gelatin, bowls of stewed mutated herbs, cups of thick red vitamin solution, and polydroop utensils to the tables of the various diners. The party members began to partakr in their meals and clamoring about. Rawra put her hand on her husband's shoulder and pushed him back in his seat, giving her a clear view to speak to Tin.

“Tin, may I ask you a question?”

Tin chuckled at the thought of a refusal.

“Yes, ask away,” Tin responded.

“Are you in pursuit of any particular corporate sponsorship or occupational certification as a result of your participation in the tournament?”

Tin took a moment to think before answering.

“Yes, I’d like to be a Captain.”

“A Captain?”

“Like Eloniun.”

“Like Eloniun. I see.”

Commissioner Emblemson and Rawra share a look, before Rawra responds.

“I think that's a great idea. I wish you much success.”

“Thank you Miss Commissioner.”

“Rawra. Call me Rawra.”

“I will,” Tin responds. Rawra sits back in her seat, removing her hand from her husband's shoulder. Commissioner Emblemson looks at Tin.

“Eloniun, you say? You'll have to train very hard and focus on controlling your life energies. That is a tall task but if you remain dedicated, surely, you will be a great Captain.”

“I appreciate the encouragement, Commissioner Emblemson,” Tin assures. Rawra gives Commissioner Emblemson a nod of approval. The tables were now set.

“Let's eat,” says Commissioner Emblemson, excitedly scooping piles of gelatin onto his plate. Tin grabbed a bowl of stew and took a sip. “Delicious,” Tin said after taking a huge gulp. After enjoying the beautifully prepared meal, the events of the committee meeting came to an end. Some of the committee members took their final bites and made their way out of the hall. Cursor stood from his seat at the bench and approached the table on the East End of the hall. After arriving at the table, Cursor exchanged pleasantries with Commissioner Emblemson. Mari soon approached the table to escort Cursor and Tin to the front door with a proper farewell. Commissioner Emblemson and Rawra gave Tin and Cursor a wave, as the tandem exited Hall 62 with Mari at their side. Tin and Cursor rode the gold plate back to the Welcome Hall while Mari took the secret passageway. Once in the Welcome Hall, Cursor and Tin approached the front door and it opened. Mari gave a final, “Until next time,” and Tin and Cursor exited through the front door of the Kaabrin Hall.

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Fazer and his clan of Oglicians drove the woods after their recent Wooloxicorn expedition. Eneed and Scorer sat in the back of the black dome shaped tactical truck, with three maroon Wooloxicorn, near its swinging doors, while Tunton and Sorkin sat near the opposite end nodding off. Fazer sat in the passenger seat as Briles drove. The driver's seat and passenger seat were separated from the back of the truck by a black wall with a tinted window. Eneed and Scorer spoke quietly to themselves. “Fun hunt today,” Scorer joked. “Shut your mouth Scorer,” Eneed said, “You cheated.” “That is correct,” Scorer said, “You lost. And that slap from Fazer. Vicious.” “How about you give that a try right now?” Eneed answered. “I'll wait until the next hunt,” Scorer answered. “Right,” Eneed said, “I'll be waiting.” The two of them sat in silence for a moment as the truck shook along, up the road away from the woods. “If I didn't push you, you would've been me and I haven't won a Wooloxicorn race in months, it seems,” Scorer answered. Eneed thought this over for a moment. “I'll try not to embarrass you then,” Eneed said in response. “And I won't push you,” Scorer said, “As long as I win,” Eneed smiled. Fazor looked at Briles sitting in the driver's seat. “Pick it up a little. Moving slow just like in the hunt,” Fazor said. Briles hit the gas and the truck sped forward to its top speed. The truck rattled up the road and Fazor held on to the dashboard as Briles swerved around. “Okay slow down a little bit,” Fazor said. Briles eased off of the gas pedal and the car slowed down. “Just drive at a regular fast speed and stay in the lines,” Fazor added. Briles smiled to herself. Briles, an orphan, had plans of leaving the Oglician Order and being a certified athlete. Briles joined the Oglician Order in her youth and planned to compete in the tournament and keep her earnings for an escape from the criminal life. She had plans of sneaking off unnoticed and making her way to Africa. She was in the process of convincing Sorkin to join her, but he was hesitant to leave the protection of the Oglician Order who would certainly chase after them if they tried to move on from their alliance to the Os. Briles thought of the freedom she would soon achieve. Fazor had nefarious plans for this year's AME Tournament and she would use the opportunity to escape without being noticed. Briles looked out at the road and sky ahead and the truck sped off down the road.

The night sky was a beautiful dark blue. Tin and Cursor made their way past the fountain pools and through to the stretch of desert land before taking one of the sandy garden paths. This path was, for the most part, uninhabited, except for a few squirrels and rabbits scurrying along. The path led around a string of red glowing quercuses that were connected to each other by a set of three rope swings, with wooden benches. In the middle seat, sat a Homolinian man, with dark brown skin and long straight silky hair, tied into a ponytail, flowing down his back, wearing a black polyester suit, with his horse hoove feet exposed, sat hand in hand with a small brown Homolinian woman with puffy black hair, the nose and ears of a hound, and furry paws instead of hands. The hound woman was wearing a tight black dress. The couple swung back and forth as the wind rustled the leaves around. Tin and Cursor quietly observed the romantic scene before stepping through the remainder of the path. Once out of the garden maze, Cursor and Tin crossed the track of the Great Crater’s floor. Tin came to a stop at the beginning of the incline of the crater's walls and looked up at the massive climb ahead.

“Well what are you waiting for,” Cursor said tapping his shoulder. Tin took the hint and leapt up in the air and grabbed hold of Cursor’s robe. Tin used his arms to pull himself up Cursor’s robe one swing at a time. Once he was at the top, Tin swung his leg up and around and landed in a sitting position on Cursor's shoulder.

“Perfect ten!” Cursor praised.

Cursor took large strides up the side of the crater, arriving at the top in a matter of minutes. At the top of the crater, Cursor reached out his hand in front of him. Tin slid from the giant’s shoulder, down his left arms and sat in the giant's palm. Cursor twisted his body around and powerfully shot-putt Tin across the grassy plains once again. This time Tin didn't scream. He just glided in delight awhile, however he hadn't thought about the logistics of his landing. Tin's gliding trajectory kept him in the air long enough to reach the thick red trees of the Solareenian Woods where he came crashing down towards a large Solareenian oak at the woods edge. Before making impact with the oak, Tin leapt from his toenail glider and landed with both feet on the branch of the oak. Tin lost his footing upon landing and fell from the branch of the tree. Tin came tumbling down, grabbing a few branches and losing his grip along the way. After swinging from one low hanging brach near the bottom of the oak, Tin flipped himself into the air and came to a soft landing on the grassy ground. Cursor, who was now breathing heavily, approached the edge of the woods in a full sprint, coming to a sand whooshing stop in front of Tin.

“This is where we part. I can't take another branch to the face.” “I have a question, Cursor,” Tin asked, “The AME Committee could have assigned me to a more popular team. The commissioner mentioned that you insisted on being my coach. Why?”

“Who's your favorite athlete to ever compete in the games?”

“Elonium,” Tin answered without a moment’s hesitation. “Right. Just like almost every other young man with hopes of being a successful Captain,” Cursor responded, “Elonium is a great hero, but his fame was first a product of his participation in the games. Elonium was fortunate enough to win top prize in the games and was rewarded with opportunities that weren't available to the other competitors. I also competed in the AME Tournament the same year Elonium won top prize. I came in second place. The media and the ambassadors of the AME Committee didn't find me particularly captivating to the general public even though I had won enough of the events to earn a Captain certification. That's why I coach. Every winning athlete has to have the heart of a Captain,” Cursor explained.

“Do you think you could help me, or is this just a way for you to be a famous Captain?” Tin asked.

“You would be assigned to some random coach for the Flyers or Oglicians. They have enough advantages. We can help each other,” Cursor responded, “If you stick with me, I'll do everything I can to make sure you receive your Captain certification.” “Then, Cursor, you and I will be

champions, together," Tin said as they shared a friendly bump of the fist that sent Tin stumbling backwards a few steps.

"Thank you, Cursor.'

"The honor is all mine, Tin. We'll practice before your race tomorrow. Try to get some rest. Dream glorious dreams," Cursor said in finality. Tin nodded in agreement. "You do the same," Tin replied. Cursor nodded before making his way through the plain at an acute angle from the direction in which they came, heading for the distant cave in which he lived. Tin watched the giant stride along for a moment and then took one of the many paths that lead through the woods. As he made his way home, Tin took some time to mull over this evening's events. Tin hadn't yet grasped the magnitude of his recent agreement conceptually and due to his racing mind hadn't slept any purposeful sleep since running the obstacle race. He reached a point in the path where he got a strange feeling. His mind began filling his current consciousness with thoughts of Wakulla. He was now at the point on the path in which Wakulla found him moping his way home after disqualifying himself from contention. Yesterday Wakulla suddenly approached Tin from behind, having followed him from the AME stadium. Wakulla has known Tin since they were school children, years ago, and has been a consistent motivator for Tin in whatever eccentric predicament he had found himself, fortunately or unfortunately, exposed to. "Wait," Wakulla called out. "Tin you shouldn't give up so easily." Tin turned to her and pleaded to be left alone. Wakulla grabbed Tin by the hand and assured him that the complications of genetic alterations are the main inconvenience plaguing the mutant community, but after Laslur's berating, Tin was convinced that the overwhelming majority of the athletes would prefer to run the race again without him. "I want to see you try," Wakulla insists. Tin looked deep into Wakulla's eyes. "I suppose. I could think about it," Tin answered. "In that case, whether you compete or not, promise me, you'll attend my race tomorrow," Wakulla pleaded. Tin reluctantly agreed to attend and Wakulla gave him a quick peck on the chin. The feeling of Wakulla's soft moist pink lips upon his chin was a heavenly touch that Tin seemed to feel all over. Wakulla ran off up the grassy path and Tin went on his way home. At this moment, Tin, who was walking and thinking about that very kiss, came to the end of that same path which ended in front of The Dozenth.

Tin made his way to the concealed elevator door in the Pollydroop pillar of The Dozenth and knocked on the outer wall. The wall of the pillar opened revealing an elevator shaft with a red elevator compartment inside. Tin stepped into the elevator and rode his way up to the main floor. Once at the top, Tin exited the elevator into the living room. There was a couch, a dinner table and chairs, a glass tablet viewing screen of three Enures and a red furry rug in the center of the floor. Tin took off his shoes and skipped from the living room past the bathroom and into his lofty bedroom that was partly concealed from the rest of the home by a large cream Pollydroop wall. Tin ran for the bed and jumped onto the mattress. He lay back in a breath of relief. He placed his hands behind his head and looked up to the ceiling. Tin went through the collection of recollectual highlights he had stored in his mind. He once again decided on an image of Wakulla and her image played on his mental ceiling projector. Tin amorously enjoyed the show until his eyelids became heavy. Tin closed his eyes and slept the night away.

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The city of Solareen was a forest of tall red trees some three hundred years ago. The thick stitches of plants and stalks were broken up by the introduction of the AllEarth Corporation Building, a large laboratory originally intended for the research of bettering the human experience and strengthening bloodlines. The experiments were comparatively similar to existing institutions already partaking in the regulated use of experimental alternative practices overseen by the already existing officiating western government. The ensuing successful use of technological experimentation leading to the approval of human trials, what could be debatably considered evidence of divine intercedence, resulted in the accidental introduction of the anatomical consistency of a moth during the process of an artificial insemination leading to the birth of a baby boy with wings. The child lived for a number of years but never got to see the full growth of his wings, flight, and the unmerciful hands of an irreversible condition took his life before ever reaching the puberic phase of life. The completion of the delivery was still considered a pivotal anatomical finding which opened the door to retroactively expanding the theory of the fundamental composition of the controversial operation by using a process of reverse engineering, a strategy of reenacting the circumstances of the accident by examining the video recordings and coexisting analytical documentation of the ordeal.

Several other successful and unsuccessful attempts at recreating and improving the natural theory ensued over the following years before the interest swayed into introducing inanimate objects into the skeleton and central nervous system leading to birth of a baby covered in bark. The modifications implemented in conversion of the formulaic basis of the original occurrence were the adjustments necessary in order to successfully complete the transfusion of a human’s DNA in the womb. The first modification was then improved upon and considered,effectively, the makings of a new category of human subsequently referred to as "enhanced" humans. The structure of the genetic composition was altered and focused on improving the conditions of humans with life threatening diseases meaning many of the trials were attempted in pursuit of giving people artificially created mutated body parts allowing their bodies to adapt and gradually absorb the biological influences leading to a controlled modified evolution which would result in the creation of stronger faster humans. Thus the first giants, considered to be people of ten

Enures or larger, were created. Most of these enhanced people were made to look obviously human in physical appearance for the purposes of human decency regarding the outlines of separate political considerations for human beings and animals. The four types of humans with animal DNA intertwined with their human genetics were separated into the four, previously mentioned, scientific groups, the Placosis, Homolinian, Avercee and Reeptilorm categories and the giants were simply referred to as giants. Placosis, Homolinians and Avercees were easier to make than Reeptilorms due to the need of a fossil to create a Reeptilorm, so there was a much larger number of the first three categories than of the latter. Giants were last in terms of numbers with only a handful of them being created around that time.

The acceptance of additional more particular enhancements recognizable as the identifying characteristics of non-human beings lead to the first humans with fully functional wings, fur coats and reptilian skins. AllEarth created a logo to represent the company, a gold heart with green and blue outlines of Earthly continents and oceans across its surface. Over the century of origin, the numbers of enhanced humans grew to the hundreds and a nearby community was created to give these people a centralized societal foundation. The miles surrounding the AME Committee Building and AME Factory were transformed into a housing community with streets, markets, and restaurants. The trend continued with the addition of a hospital, law enforcement department and an emergency team station. The Solareenian Coast Guard was created as a residing section of the larger surrounding North American government. There were conflicting opinions amongst the enhanced human community in regards to furthering the driving intent of some to create a more intertwined chemical composition in formation of a superior more animalistic species with more specialized rights within the existing empowered government in contrast to those who believed in retaining the humanality of artificially induced and surgically modified living experiences alike.

The enhanced humans divided themselves into two groups, The Flyers and The Oglicians. The Flyers were in favor of retaining the common opinion of human patriotism using more traditional physical constructions while the Oglicians were in favor of rapid increases in mutant testing with a separatist attitude towards outer society. The Flyers created red uniforms and a matching emblem, an image of a mountain top with wings, while The Oglicians dressed themselves in black and green, identifying themselves with an emblem in the image of a gold rose bulb.

The city of Solareen was sanctioned with a set of liberties that left room for internal political adjustation within the laws of the already established North American government. The Oglicians and The Flyers were in constant debate which led to a number of physical altercations. The fighting escalated until an Oglician was murdered attending a meeting in which the respective advocates were in attendance. This led to a beautiful inclination from Enchanta, a green skinned woman with a large shell, the first creature to successfully survive the complications of mutant genetic alterations. Enchanta suggested the two sides of the quarrel settle the dispute in a series of games that highlighted the benefits of economic and political interests in furthering research in the genetic enhancement industry which gave birth to their community. The games were athletic competitions and the results dictated the different restrictions which would be the building blocks of the community. The number of people with

mutant capabilities that held more passive views on the subjects at hand, an often deciding vote in minor squirmishes, was formed and thus named The Everforce Connection. Everforce chose blue and white as their colors and created an emblem. The emblem was of a silver meteor flaming through space. These three factions of a political society operating inside of a larger overseeing federal government in the middle of the Western Hemisphere formed an official league with a written set of rules for competition called The AllEarth Mutant Enhancement Institution and an official tournament was made with the intention of fair arbitration.

The early games, between The Flyers and Oglicians, were physically taxing undertakings with politically threatening consequences, but as the years went by and the community settled on more compromising conduct, leaving space for innovation in the industry and ethical moldability, the political impact of the games was diminished and geared more towards financing research and awarding advancements in physical capacity. An award system was implemented into the tournament and the AME committee created three official occupational certifications for qualifying candidates that operated under the approval of the greater power. The three certifications were Athlete, a professional certification for performers and competitors, an entertainment driven classification, Ambassador, for occupations in enhanced human personal relations, mainly dealing with AME Committee responsibilities, and Captain, a knight of The AME Committee, with universal jurisdictional authority to involve themselves in particularly dangerous missions and extreme adventurous undertakings if the endeavour is in favor of protecting the Solareenian people and bettering human society. The AME Committee created a list of requirements for certification, a number of tests and community service assignments, however one could be given a certification based on a qualifying deed like a great act of charity or heroism. Qualifying recipients of certifications were given patches to represent their respective certifications. Patches for Athletes were green with a white letter ‘A’ printed on it, the Ambassador wore a blue ‘S’ on a white patch, and the Captains had a white ‘C’ on a black patch.

The Athletes entertained and encouraged the people with shows of athleticism and coordinated charitable events, the Ambassadors advocated for various policy provisions and represented the ideals of enhanced humans with particular needs while regulating mutant public relations, and The Captains used their exceptional abilities to better the lives of the people, acting as heroes that can be contracted for private missions or volunteer their valiant efforts to the public. The earliest of the Captains to receive a considerable amount of recognition for their contributions to society was Elonium, a strong human with grey skin, sharp teeth and a small fin on the back of his head, the showings of genetic construction combined with that of a shark. Elonium's animal appearance and genius intellect were, to the AME committee, profitable characteristics that could be used to further integrate mutants into society.

Competitors of the AME Tournament were rewarded with trophies and cash prizes. The competitor with the most competitive victories at the end of the tournament was awarded the top prize. The top prize was five hundred thousand Crispes, a gold trophy, and a number one ranking, which the winner held until the completion of the tournament the following year. This

improvement in social relations led to an increase in the creation of exceptionally designed humans and over the next century the number of enhanced humans grew to the thousands.

Solareen continued to grow into a thriving self sufficient city with the introduction of a factory contrived for the production of a new durable non-toxic easily moldable polyethylene clay, called Pollydroop. Schools and institutions of higher learning were added to the landscape and a new Solareenian paper currency, the Crispie, was introduced. The growth of the city was mimicked in theoretical practice with the creation of a giant human woman coming to a fully grown height of seventeen Enures. The health and functionality of the giant's body was another fortuitous result in favor of elaboration on the concept of creating better humans. During the next centurial period, the number of enhanced humans increased to the hundreds of thousands of mutants that exist in current times, the majority of which reside in the city of Solareen.
The city’s sanctions were adjusted by majority votes and disputes over less articulated legal concepts were decided by representative competitors of the AllEarth Mutantologist Evolutionary Athletics and Intelligence Tournament due to the large concentration of enhanced human occupants. Controlling interest in the AllEarth Corporation was divided amongst investing citizens and the tournament was operated, initially, by the chosen members of the AME Committee, essentially making the AME Committee the governing power of the Solareenian City before that power was later diminished as the laws became more permanent propositions. The AME Committee appointed a Commissioner who would act as a main political figure of the city. Fazor had plans to take over the AME Committee and The AllEarth Corporation, and rise to power over the city. Once he conquered the city, Fazor planned to expand his empire, take over the surrounding North American states, and then use that unified power to take over the entire world.

Solareen is an originative point of creation and home to a number of notable social personalities, with Elonium being the most celebrated through the short history of the city. The tradition of integrating competitive exploits into the political landscape lives on and Captainism is considered a most honorable venture. Tin Kenton was in search of this certification and dreams of its acquisition filled his mind as he slept.

Tin awakes in his Pollydroop bed, stares at the ceiling for a moment and then springs himself out of the bed. He undresses himself and nakedly steps into his bathroom. Tin showers quickly and brushes his teeth before returning to the bedroom and dressing himself in a red tribal patterned shirt and matching pants. Tin headed into the kitchen and microwaved a crumbly breakfast biscuit from his freezer. Tin took a seat in the living room in front of his glass screen tablet.

“Play The Pirates and The Illusive Treasure Hunt,” said Tin and the screen of the glass tablet lit up displaying the image of a feature film. The film featured two pirates in search of a buried treasure. The pirates got into a fight over a map leading to a buried treasure. The pirates had a tug-of-war over the treasure map and consequently accidentally ripped the map in half. The pirates headed off in different directions with their respective halves of the treasure map, attempting to uncover the treasure on their own by guessing the other half of the missing

directions. The pirates have no luck finding the treasure until they run into each other at a corresponding point on both side of the torn map. The pirates must put the map back together before finally finding the treasure. Tin enjoyed the adventures of the picture until an image of a red alarm, indicating that the time for Tin's race is approaching, popped up on the screen. Tin needed to make his way to The Combat Stadium. Tin, after walking into the bedroom, dresses his feet in a pair of red socks and bright white Elonium brand sneakers from his closet. He grabbed his black sports bag from its place in the closet and exited the Dozenth through the elevator.

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It was early and the sun was still rising. Tin quickly traversed the woods around his home until reaching an open grassy field of three hundred yards. After passing through the field Tin reached a series of streets housing a fueling station and a market. Beyond the market was a street leading to a large parking lot. At the center of the lot sat The Combat Stadium, a mega sports arena made out of Pollydroop, which stood one hundred and twenty Enures high and occupied a mile long block of the Solareenian City. The Combat Arena held three obstacle course tracks, an aquarium pool covering a distance of two hundred yards with smaller surrounding pool rooms, an elevated obstacle course for flying sports, two rings for combat sports, an open sand field for throwing and projectile sports, a jousting track, and a grass field for contact sports. Tin made his way through the surrounding parking lot and towards the arena in pursuit of an entrance for competing athletes. There were large holographic images of advertisements and famous athletes glowing on the arena walls. An enormous image of Elonium, wearing his signature navy blue and black scuba diving suit and navy blue cape, in meditate pose shone, took up the majority of the visible side of the stadium, while a smaller image of Laslur, standing with folded arms, wearing a black Oglician track suit, was displayed in a lower corner. As Tin approached the stadium, the other half of the wall lit up with another image. This image was a holograph of Tin posing in a Team Everforce uniform with his arms raised triumphantly in the air. Tin's walking came to a stop feet away from The Combat Arena, and he took a moment to gaze upon the images in awe. A few dozen ticket holders and a

couple of athletes were arriving at the stadium. The athletes were dressed in tracksuits with colors and logos reflecting their particular athletic affiliations. The Flyers in red, The Oglicians in Black, and Team Everforce in blue and white. Two ticket holders, an older man and woman, on the way to a ticket-holder's entrance, took notice of the image and Tin standing before it.

“That's you,” the old man said as he pointed at Tin.

“Oh yeah, he’s the boy. I saw him on the news yesterday night. Hun, get a picture,” the woman begged. The man pulled a small glass tablet from his pocket and the woman stood next to Tin. The man took a picture and the woman squeezed Tin in a big hug.

“You will do outstanding, I'd bet my entire savings!”

“Thanks,” Tin said in response and gave the couple a wave before they went their separate ways. Tin entered The Combat Stadium, passing a couple of security guards who recognized him upon his arrival. The security guards gave Tin an approving nod and one of the guards shouted to him as he passed.

“Go get him, young fella!”

“Yeah, give 'em hell, Tin! You got this,” the other guard added. Tin nodded back, keeping his composure. Tin wasn't used to this type of attention. Just yesterday, Tin walked this same path into the stadium completely unnoticed. Tin entered the stadium and walked down a large walkway leading to the locker rooms. The women's locker room was on the left and the men's locker room was on the right. Tin entered the men's locker room, where there were a couple of mingling athletes wondering about, and found a large bench to lay his bag. Inside the women's locker room, Wakulla, wearing a Flyers jumpsuit, was preparing herself for her own race. Wakulla, standing in between a set of lockers, took off her jumpsuit revealing a red swimsuit underneath. Wakulla swam for The Flyers. She placed her jumpsuit in her bag and zipped it shut. Tin pulled a grey jumpsuit out of his bag and took off his clothes with only his boxer briefs remaining. Tin put on a grey jumpsuit and stuffed his tribal shirt and jeans into his bag before pulling back on his Elonium sneakers. Tin exited the men's locker as Wakulla made her exit from the women's locker room. The two of them immediately locked eyes, coming to a stop just feet away from embracing reach of the other.

“Tin.”

“Wakulla.”

Wakulla moved half a step forward as if she wanted to give Tin a hug, but changed her mind.

“Im glad you changed your mind.”

“Thank you. I spent the night thinking about what you said,” Tin responded. He hesitated for a moment before he stepped forward, swung his bag to his side, and reached for Wakulla. Wakulla, who was a quarter of an Enure taller than Tin in his usual form, reached down and around as the two shared a long hug coming, chest to chest. Tin could feel Wakulla's soft skin, physical warmth, and pointed breast against his body and his breathing increased. The nails of his fingers began to extend and Tin pulled away.

“Are you going to have time to attend my race? I can understand if you have more important obligations at this point, being a famous competitor now and all,” Wakulla said in inquiry of Tin’s intentions post obstacle race.

“That's the plan. I haven't been obligated otherwise.” Tin responded.

“Then I’ll see you there. In the crowd presumably.”

“Surely. I'll see you from the crowd.”

And with that the two separated and went down the hall in desperate directions. Tin arrived at a swinging door with a designating Team Everforce logo on the door. Tin pushed the door open and stepped into the training room. The room was twenty-five yards long and wide and was filled with weight training equipment lining the walls. The center of the room was covered in a green artificial turf and provided space for stretching and team practice. Two other Team Everforce athletes, in team tracksuits, a young Avercee man, Inast, and a Homolinian woman, Pina. Cursor stood in the middle of the turf and welcomed Tin inside.

“Tin, right on time. Come quick. Let's practice before your race,” Cursor said. Cursor led Tin to a Pollydroop exercise machine meant for hoisting oneself up in the air as a core exercise. There were three yard-long rubber bands laying on the floor near the machine.

“You’ve been using a strategy of suppressing your body's compulsory reaction when you're racing to avoid losing cognitive control of your bodily functions and entering an instinctually aggressive mental state. Here step onto the machine,” Cursor said, curiously gesturing with one hand to the machine. Tin stepped onto the exercise machine and faced Cursor who yelled to Inast looking on from one side of the room.

“Inast, can you help me out?” Cursor asked. The Avercee, a young man with a light complexion and a buzz cut, approached the machine, grabbed the rubber bands and wrapped them tightly around Tin. Tin exhaled as the bands squeezed him tight. Inast tied the bands in a knot behind the machine and gave Cursor a wink before returning to the other side of the room where he began stretching in preparation for his participation in The Air Obstacle Race.

“Now let's begin,” said Cursor, “I want you to breathe slowly and relax.” Tin breathes in and before he can breathe out…

“Roar!”

Pina jumped from her hiding place behind a neighboring machine. Pina was a slim built Homolinian woman, with brown skin, flowing black hair and a set of vicious fangs that she showed as she screamed. Tin’s body undertook immediate transformative action and Tin shrieked an awful shriek. Tin breathed a puff of hazy mist and his eyes dilated to a blackened state. Tin instinctively attempts to break himself free. He put all of his might into breaking free from his constraints. He gathered himself and took three steps away from the machine, stretching the bands to their furthest ability until the tension was too much to stand. The bands pulled Tin back to the machine and his back slammed against the machine’s cushion. Tin was a little shaken up which only infuriated him. He jostled about trying to set himself free.

“Tin. You need to relax. Breathe. Focus,” said Cursor as he took a few deep breaths of his own. Tin ceased his struggle.

“You must use your mind to control your natural capabilities. If you stay calm you'll free yourself,” Cursor insists.

“Look at me,” Cursor demanded. Cursor bent down low on one knee to look Tin in the eye. Tin focused on Cursor while he attempted to control his rage. Tin started to relax and his body returned to its usual form.

“No!” Cursor yells and Tin’s adrenergic bodily reaction to reemplents itself.

“This reaction is your body's attempt to reach its most powerful form. Your suppression of the reaction is indeed the internal obstacle withholding your progression,” Cursor explained before adding another instruction.

“Keep your form. Accept the feeling it brings. You will free yourself.”

Tin follows Cursor's directions, but at the time was unable to articulate a response. Tin closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths while maintaining his more Reeptilormian form and suddenly he had a moment of inspiration. Tin used his long finger nails which were now extended to their fullest length to poke holes in the rubber bands before reaching out and snapping the bands completely, triumphantly freeing himself before stepping down from the machine. Tin walked around for a moment. Cursor, still down on one knee, reached into a pocket of his robe and pulled out a live bunny rabbit. Cursor held the bunny by the ears out in front of him. Tin salivated and lunged for the bunny. Cursor quickly pulled the rabbit away.

“Not for lunch. This one is a pet,” Cursor said as he put the bunny on the ground and the animal ran off exiting the training room. “Focus on maintaining your form and use that killer instinct when you run,” said Cursor.

“Now give me a few laps,” Cursor barked. Tin began jogging around the circumference of the turf, tripping on his toenails along the way. Cursor yelled a few criticisms.

“Run on the balls of your feet. Adjust your ankles. The bones of your feet are likely uniquely structured for running with your toenails extended.”

Tin followed the bit of guidance and pounded the balls of his feet into the ground as he ran, gradually accelerating at an impressive speed.

“Good. Very good,” said Cursor with a partly satisfied look on his face. Tin ran with vigor until his mind began to relax. The dilatation of his eyes reversed their effect, returning Tin's pupils to their original round brown appearance. Tin’s running slowed in pace.

“That was enough Tin. Take a break and prepare for your obstacle race,” Cursor cued and stood. Tin slowed to a stop and approached Cursor as his nails and eksoskeleton retracted to their hiding place underneath Tin's skin. Tin put his hands on his knees and took a few collecting breaths.

“You'll need to work on your stamina. Your body is exerting too much energy in its transformative stages. We’ll try again later,” Cursor said as he pulled a bundle of clothes out his other pocket. Cursor reached low and handed Tin a blue and white Team Everforce track uniform. ‘Copy that, coach,” Tin said in a temporary farewell as he took the uniform from Cursor’s palm. Tin waved a good-bye to Inast and Pina before exiting the training room through the swinging door. Tin found his way back to the men's locker room, took off his shoes, and changed into his new uniform. He put his shoes back on, pulled a chocolate candy bar from his bag, and gobbled it down, before stretching for a moment and exiting the locker room. Tin made his way down a number of hallways that lead to the competitor’s doors of The Grass Field Auditorium that held the Obstacle Course Track. Once inside, a few members of the screaming crowd noticed Tin’s arrival and pointed excited fingers at him. Tin headed for the starting line, passing Laslur, and the other competitors, all wearing team tracksuits, along the way. There were eight people in the race. There were three Homolinians, three Placosis, including Laslur, one Avercee, not allowed to use his wings during the competition, and Tin, the sole Reeptilorm. Three of the competitors were representing The Flyers, two of them representing The Oglician Order, two from Team Everforce and one independent Avercee. Laslur took his place at the starting line next to Tin and gave Tin an angry look.

“I'm against letting real animals in the race,” Laslur said loud enough for Tin to hear. Laslur was tall and strong with a dark tan complexion and had oily black hair that was slicked backwards. Laslur’s DNA was infused with that of a leech and a leopard, a rare combination. A few of the competitors laugh at Laslur's comment. The obstacle race was very competitive. In the crowd there was a viewing section reserved for AME officials and special guests. There sat Rawra and Professor Craddleson, an attractive light brown skin woman of average height and weight, with black hair that flowed down her back, and long flowing brunette hair, the president of the

Pollydroop Corporation. Commissioner Emblemson's attendance wasn't imperative due to this being the final preliminary competition.
Tin stood at the starting line next to Laslur and avoided making eye contact with him. In his head Tin thought of things he could say to Laslur. 'Why are you in the race, you treacherous beast?' Tin thought to himself. He settled on a more respectable response. "Then quit. Or lose to a dinosaur," Tin said to Lalsur. Laslur quickly responded, yelling over the screaming crowd. "What did you say? I don't speak Reeper," Laslur answered. Tin started to grow angry and he began to transform. It was easier to transform into his Reeptilorm form again after doing it once, but the effect wasn't any easier to control. Laslur squinted his eyes, disgusted with the appearance of the new form and the two of them faced the starting line of the Obstacle Race Track.

The officiating crew, dressed in grey and black form fitting uniforms took their positions on the track and the racers readied themselves for the start of the race. An official signaled the start of the race and the sound of a whistle blew through the speaker system. The competitors took off, racing their way up the flat stretch of the track in front of them. Next there lay the rock wall, a series of net obstacles, a shallow pool and lastly the crucial half mile of running track leading to the finish line. The competitors hurried through the obstacles and Laslur found his way near the front of the pack while Tin fell behind until they reached the rock wall where Tin made some progress by passing one of the competitors on the way up the wall. Once on top of the wall, Tin jumped from the thirty Enure peak and rolled upon landing on the ground in contrast to the other competitors who quickly climbed their way down. He passed two more competitors in the jump. The net obstacles, a number of ropes attached to neighboring poles, gave Tin some trouble as he tripped over the ropes and found himself strung up at times. This frustrated him greatly while other competitors fluidly leapt from rope to rope. Laslur passed through the net obstacle with ease and took a moment to look back at Tin.

"Stuck like a rat in a trap," Laslur said as he ran along, "Animals not allowed!"

And with that last word, Laslur sped up the track to the pool of the swimming obstacle. After clearing the net obstacle, Tin was in the lead of only two competitors. This angered him and he blew a smokey mist from his mouth and into the wind as he ran. He remembered to adjust the position of his ankles as Cursor instructed and his speed accelerated. Tin ran full speed and leapt high in the air, landing in the pool as Laslur reached the halfway point. Tin made a big splash as he dropped into the pool. The crowd was audibly amused which temporarily distracted some of the swimmers. Tin sped along swimming with all his might and by the time he exited the pool he was in third place behind only Laslur and a Homolinian competitor. Laslur looked back at Tin as he ran, throwing an insult along the way.

"Give it up Reeperface!"

Tin remained just calm enough to stay focused on the race and passed Laslur on the track. The crowd cheered and every ticket holder in attendance was on their feet, including Rawra and Professor Craddleson who excitedly looked on from their place in the stands. Tin became more excited as he ran and it had a negative effect on his sprint. He could feel himself losing control

of his Reeltilorm form. Tin thought of Laslur's insult and the ensuing fury kept him going but he continued to slow in stride before he could catch up to the Homolinian in front of him. Laslur, a highly trained and enduring athlete, heightened his pace for the last part of the final stretch. The Homolinian crossed the finish line and Laslur passed Tin a few strides from the finish line, coming in second place, while Tin finished third. The other competitors soon came across the finish line and the crowd cheered as the exhilarating race came to an end. Tin came to a stop and took a moment to catch his breath as the competitors congratulated each other. Laslur shook a few of the competitors' hands, but failed to approach Tin. Laslur's undiminishable competitive spirit and his infatuation with Wakulla fueled his hatred for Tin.
Cursor had watched the race from a glass screen tablet in a room reserved for the coaching staff, connecting to the training room reserved for the Team Everforce. Wakulla, after having had a few warm up laps, sat on the edge of the pool in a small room with a hall connecting it to the Aquarium Pool Auditorium. Wakulla had watched The Obstacle Race on a small pocket sized glass tablet. Wakulla smiled at the victory, drying her hair with a towel in one hand, as Tin waved at the cheering crowd and exited the track. Wakulla placed her glass tablet in her bag and closed it shut before standing and entering the Aquarium Pool Auditorium.

The Aquarium Pool Auditorium held seating for one hundred thousand people which surrounded a six million gallon salt water aquarium pool. The contents of the pool could be seen through its thick clear Pollydroop walls. There was seaweed floating throughout the salt water and a broken ship near the bottom center. Wakulla set down her bag near a group of white beach chairs reserved for the racers. The event was a treasure hunt race. The object of the race was to be the first to come in contact with the treasure chest at the bottom of the pool.

Wakulla made her way to the pool's edge alongside twenty other competitors all wearing swimsuits with colors and imagery reflecting their respective affiliations. The officiating crew, of six referees dressed in grey and black, took their places around the pool. The officials waved a hand and simultaneously jumped into the pool. A loud whistle blew and the competitors jumped into the pool. Wakulla, a Placosis, with slick scales on her hands, gills over her lungs, and webbed toes on her feet, was clearly extremely comfortable in the water. She flowed eloquently through the water at a steady pace at first before reaching the obstacles of the course. The floating strands of seaweed throughout the aquarium pool made the broken ship at the bottom barely visible to the audience that excitedly watched from the stands. Wakulla shifted her body from side to side around the leaves of seaweed like a ballerina tip-toeing across a dance floor, passing a number of competitors who struggled their way through. The officials swam around keeping close watch on each of the competitors. Closer to the broken ship at the center of the aquarium pool were thicker bundles of seaweed completely covering the open wall of the ship that served as an entrance leading to the treasure. Wakulla sped for the entrance alongside one other competitor who was in the lead. The two swimmers disappeared into the seaweed and swam through the entrance of the ship.
The audience couldn't see inside the boat from the aquarium walls. They looked up to a glass tablet screen, of forty Enures, hanging above the pool. Inside the boat, Wakulla and her opponent swam towards a small gold colored treasure chest that glowed in the dark blue salt water. Wakulla and the adjacent swimmer jostled for position and used their arms to reach out

for the chest. Wakulla closed her eyes, during the last moment of her push for the treasure and opened them again when she felt her hand come in contact with the chest. Her opponent had also touched the chest in the same second. Wakulla and her opponent looked for a signal from the swimming official. The official lifted a hand towards Wakulla's competition and signaled a victory. Wakulla had come in second place. The winner grabbed the treasure chest and exited the ship through the opening in the ship wall. Wakulla, visibly upset, punched the wall of the ship as she swam her way through the entrance and up out of the pool. The winner was awarded one hundred thousand Crispies and the competitors shared kind words before parting ways and returning to their respective locker rooms.

Wakulla looked around in the crowd for Tin, but he was nowhere to be found. She waited, looking around for a moment before exiting The Aquarium Pool Auditorium. Wakulla made her way down the hallway that led to the locker rooms. She walked the hall quickly as her emotions seemed to rush through her entire body.

“Wakulla!”

Tin called out from the opposite end of the otherwise empty hallway. Tin ran to meet Wakulla by the doors of the locker room. Tin made inquiry of the results of the race.

“What happened?”

“You didn't see?”

“I couldn't, but listen to this. I actually finished the entire obstacle course,” Tin informed Wakulla.

“Good for you,” she said in reply. Tin recognized her discomfort. “I would've watched your race, but after winning I was approached by Professor Craddleson of The Pollydroop Corporation. She asked about my interest in potential partnership opportunities with the Pollydroop Corporation upon my completion of the tournament.” “That's great,” Wakulla replied, “You should consider.” Tin bowed his head in thanks. “How'd you do? Tell me,” Tin asked. Wakulla sulkingly answered. “Well, all things considered, okay I guess. I came in second.” “Second is good,” Tin agreed. “I'm hungry. Let's grab a bite,” Wakulla said. “I can't at the moment,” Tin answered, “Professor Craddleson wants to give me a quick tour of the Pollydroop Factory and she leaves town tonight.” “Good. That's great. You should call me when you're finished,” Wakulla proposed.

“Yeah, of course, once I'm at home.”

“Tin, you really need to get a pocket tablet.”

“I could, but I like speaking to people in person.”

“I know.”

“If I do well in the tournament I might invest in one and maybe a Pollydroop Vroomer,” Tin answered half jokingly. The Pollydroop Vroomer was a vehicle with a Pollydroop outer body. The seat of the car sat on one rotating ball that served as the wheel.

“Well, if you win, remember to give me a lift if you have time,” Wakulla answered. “I'm going to speak with my coach,” she added before the two of them shared a nod and Wakulla went off down the hall towards The Flyer’s Training Room. Tin went down the hall in the direction in which he came. Cursor met Tin in the hall. “Tin, that was phenomenal. Great job, my boy,” Cursor said.

“Thanks Cursor,” Tin replied.

“I'd give you a pat on the back, but hopefully a good word will do.”

“That's more than enough. I don't want you to strain yourself.”

Tin and Cursor shared a laugh.

“And what's with the girl? Wakulla is it? She's a nifty competitor.”

Cursor had taken notice of Tin and Wakulla’s exchange at the end of the hall.

“What about her? We're good friends,” Tin answered simply.

“Ah! You're part reptor, but you're a dog. Good on ya,” Cursor said with a snicker.

“I'm exhausted. I'm going to rest a moment before leaving for my tour of the Pollydroop Factory,” Tin said as he stretched his arms out.

“Very well. Practice will continue tomorrow. You're competing in the jousts, correct?”

“I am. I'll be here bright and early.”

“And so will I.”

And with that Cursor went off, making his way to the fighting rings to watch the mud wrestling competitions. Tin went to the men's locker room where he threw his bag on the floor. Tin laid on a locker room bench, with his feet on the bench and his hands behind his head, and closed his eyes.

Wakulla stepped into the coach’s viewing room inside of The Flyer's Training Room. Once inside she was greeted and embraced by Coach Nokaridge, a tall woman, by human standards, with short antlers protruding from her temples. Coach Nokaridge consoled Wakulla with kind words and a pat on the shoulder.

“You did well. It's just the first round. Tomorrow we'll show the world your versatility in the obstacle course race. Take your thoughts elsewhere until then. Enjoy tonight's festivities,” Coach Nokaridge firmly stated. Wakulla agreed and the two shared a final embrace before Wakulla exited the viewing room. Wakulla quickly put on a red Flyers jumpsuit and a pair of blue tennis shoes in the training room and made her way to the stands surrounding the Grass Field Auditorium in the Combat Arena. Wakulla took a seat in the third row completely unaware of the fact that The Combat Stadium was about to be attacked.

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Tin fell asleep, laying on the bench in the men's locker room of The Combat Arena. His mind was racing while his body was at rest and the next moments occurred speedily, recallable to Tin only as a blur of instances. It seemed as if he opened his eyes to the beautiful view of The Great Southern Canyon. Tin was in a cream colored Pollydroop helicopter sitting next to Professor Craddleson. The two of them sat in the back seats of the helicopter while a pilot steered the vehicle over the large colorful canyon with red, blue, yellow and green rocky walls that glittered in the evening sun. They were in pursuit of the Pollydroop Factory, a large factory made out of Pollydroop, lined with gold on its doors and pillars. The helicopter reached the factory and landed on top of it. Tin, Professor Craddleson, and the pilot exited the vehicle and entered the Pollydroop Factory through a door on top of the building.

Wakulla was simultaneously enjoying the celebratory festivities of the AME competition. The grassy field of the second Grass Field Auditorium played host to a parading band of enhanced humans. A marching band of one hundred and two musicians, with horns and drums, accompanied by a team of dancers, rounded the field which was lit up by a colossal display of fireworks exploding from projectiles set on a stage at the center of the field. Thirty Avercees flew around in coordinated patterns, flapping their wings to the rhythm of the band’s beat. Wakulla watched from the stands and waved down a concession worker for a stick of cotton candy. The concession worker handed Wakulla a stick of pink cotton candy shaped like a blowfish. Wakulla pulled out her pocket tablet and pressed her finger onto the screen, completing her payment for the sweet treat. The concession worker continued off into the stands and Wakulla made a call on her pocket tablet. Her mother, Marrinian, a woman in incredible shape, the same height as Wakulla, with light pink skin and brown hair, answered.

“Hey Guppy,” Marinnian called Wakulla by her childhood nickname. “How'd it go?” Marinnian asked. “Abismol. I came in second,” Wakulla replied.

“Second is more than exceptional. You should be proud.”

“I am. And I’d be more proud if I won the race.”

“Don't get your gills in a grind, Guppy,” Marinnian insisted. “If you're not having fun you needn't be there at all. You can always come back to the club. Enjoy yourself darling.” Wakulla agreed and ended the call before taking a big bite out of her cotton candy.

At the Pollydroop Factory, Professor Craddleson led Tin on a tour of the laboratory where they worked in constant pursuit of perfection regarding the secret Pollydroop formula. Professor Craddleson gestured to a number of large tablet screens displaying holographic images of genetic schematics and theoretical equations. “This laboratory is right at the heart of the factory where we work towards revolutionizing energy consumption and preserving natural resources by perfecting the formula of our non-toxic durable building substance. Tin, your story is a perfect example of calling attention to society’s deficiencies and capitalizing off of its correction,” Professor Craddleson explained. Tin, wide eyed, gazed at the technologies of the laboratory.

On the production floor of the Pollydroop Factory, a large vat of bubbling Pollydroop overflowed and began to spill on the floor. The sticky substance slid down the walls of the vat. A factory worker, in a blue jumpsuit, approached the vat and ran to a button box that controlled the temperature of the vat. The worker pressed a few buttons, but it had no effect. The contents of the vat continued to spill. The worker took off his cap in frustration and pressed his finger onto a glass tablet screen, next to the button box, to call for help.

“Damage Control? I have a vat thats-”

Before the factory worker could finish his statement, the menacing figure of a goopy creature with four legs and a body seven Enures long, covered in Pollydroop, arose from the vat. The monstrous creature slid out of the vat to the ground below and growled a vicious growl slightly muffled by its Pollydroop covering. The factory worker sounded an alarm and made a quick exit.

Tin and Professor Craddleson could hear the alarm in the laboratory and a warning flashed on the laboratory's glass tablet screens. ‘Intrusion Alert. Monster.’ These words flashed in bright red on the screen. The laboratory underwent its automatic reaction of locking down the laboratory, protectively trapping Tin and Professor Craddleson inside behind the glass walls of the laboratory doors. The Pollydroop monster roamed the halls and found its way outside the laboratory. The creature beat on the glass walls of the laboratory attempting to make its way inside. Professor Craddleson lets out a nervous scream. Tin breathed a gust of smoky mist and his body transformed.

A security guard, a strong black man wearing a cream colored uniform, stepped into the hallway outside of the laboratory, meeting the monster face to face. The Pollydroop covered creature lunged for the security guard as the guard shot it with a Stinger Gun. The shot had no effect and

the creature tackled the security guard to the ground. The guard struggled with the beast as Pollydroop dripped from the monster onto the face of the guard. Tin's mind was overexcited and he instinctually sprang into action. Tin used his nails to scratch, cut and then break the glass of the laboratory wall. Tin stepped into the hallway. The Pollydroop monster turned his attention to Tin. The creature rushed at Tin who athletically avoided the monster. Before the Pollydroop monster could attack again, Professor Craddleson sprayed it with Freezalyne using a can shaped like a fire extinguisher. Freezalyne was a man-made element with freezing properties. The substance surrounded the monster in a chemical smoke. The Pollydroop that was covering the monster hardened and the movements of the monster came to a stop. Tin, Professor Craddleson and the security guard breathed a collective sigh of relief. "Thanks kid. Good job," the security guard said as he shook Tin's hand.

The celebration at The Combat Stadium continued while trouble manifested itself on the nearby beach which lay a quarter of a mile away from the parking lot. The beach goers enjoyed the rays of evening sunshine lighting up the beach. Children ran from beach umbrella to beach umbrella, interacting with the family atmosphere. One child swam alone along the shore. The child felt something strange touch the bottom of his foot and ceased to swim before looking around for the sight of another child. The child held his breath and dipped his head under the water. When the child arose again it was accompanied by the appearance of a giant head that belonged to a green beast, with webbed hands and feet and a fishy face, that stood at a height of thirty Enures. The child screamed in sight of the monster and swam to escape. The beast attempted to grab the child, but missed. The swinging arm of the beast created a tidal wave which flooded a portion of the beach. The beach goers took notice of the wave and spotted the giant sea beast as it walked out of the water and onto the beach.

The beach goers screamed in terror and vacated the beach. Men, women and children tripped over chairs and beach towels as emergency responders were contacted. Solareenian City life-guards exited the beach, while helping stragglers escape, in proper response to an attack from an unidentified threat. The beast walked from the beach, through the parking lot of The Combat Stadium, crushing a few cars along the way.

Wakulla was just finishing her cotton candy stick when a commotion interrupted the celebration. A warning on the large glass tablet, hanging over the middle of the field, called for immediate evacuation due to a life-threatening intrusion. The crowd members panicked and rushed for the exits. Wakulla, with her bag over shoulder, ran into the hallway, which led from the grass field, past the aquarium pool and to an exit. When Wakulla stepped into the hallway she could see Rawra and a group of security guards rushing for the nearest exit. Wakulla ran to exit through the same door.

As Wakulla and hundreds of ticket holders ran for the exit a large flood of water filled the halls. A child, who was running in front of her, was caught in the rush of water and pushed in Wakulla's direction. Wakulla stood tall and caught the child in her arms. The waters overtook them and Wakulla began swimming up the hall. After a moment, the flooding subsided. Wakulla and the child fell to the floor. After collecting themselves for a second, the child and Wakulla stood up

and ran for the exit. “Where are your parents?” Wakulla asked. “I don't know,” the boy answered. They continued down the hall soaking wet when the giant sea beast stepped out of the Aquarium Pool Auditorium and into the hallway blocking Wakulla, the child, and the other crowd members from the exit. The beast had broken the glass wall of the aquarium and was now in search of more destruction. The beast stepped toward the crowd and the frightened people backed away from the beast, heading in the opposite direction away from the exit.

The beast roared and sped up its pursuit. Wakulla grabbed the child again and maneuvered past the sea beast by sliding under its legs. Cursor stepped from out of the Mud Field Auditorium into the hallway and locked in on the beast. Cursor ran up to the beast and grabbed its torso, getting into a wrestling match with the sea beast. Cursor found a way to grab the animal from behind as Leodus flew onto the scene. Leodus charged the sea beast as Cursor held on tight. Leodus head-butt the sea beast with his beak, knocking the beast unconscious. Cursor let go of his grip of the beast and the sea beast fell to the ground. The onlooking crowd, including Wakulla, who set down the child in her arms, Rawra, and the security guards, who all stopped running at sight of the beast, applauded the heroics. “Do you think you can find your parents?” Wakulla asked. The child pointed. “There they are!” The child ran into his parents arms, warming the hearts of Rawra, the security guards, and relieved ticket holders alike.

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Later that night, after returning home to the Dozenth, having been flown by a pilot in a red and white Pollydroop helicopter, Tin sat on the couch, looking at the screen of the glass tablet in the living room. He watched the end of a movie and the credits rolled. “Call Wakulla,” Tin said and the screen displayed the image of a holographic telephone. There was a ringing noise for a moment, but no answer. Tin sighed and laid back into the couch cushion. “Play this evening's AME Tournament Celebration.” The screen lit up with images of the giant green sea monster that ruined the celebration. An accompanying narration provided by a news reporter described the terrifying scene. The image was interrupted by a call. Once again the holographic image of the phone was on display. It was Wakulla. Her image appeared. She was sitting in her bedroom. Wakulla lived in an elevated birdhouse a few miles away. “Hey, Tin,” she answered.

“Hey, what happened today?”

“Tin, it was chaos. I was eating my cotton candy blowfish and suddenly someone screamed and there was a giant monster destroying everything! Just as the beast was about to snatch up a little boy, I took the boy into my arms as Cursor and Leonus knocked the monster unconscious. It was unbelievablely terrifying. Most exciting AME Celebration I've ever seen.”

“Sounds exhilarating,” Tin responded.

“What about you?” How'd it go at the factory?”

“Pretty crazily really. There was a monster in the Pollydroop.”

“A monster? In the Pollydroop?”

“Yeah. Turns out it was just an overgrown mutated alligator. The animal unnoticedly wandered into the building and attacked a factory worker and a security guard!”

“What?! Really?”

“Yes really. Professor Craddleson and I subdued the animal by spraying it with Freezeline. It was like a really horrific dream with a good ending.”

“That's…I don't know exactly what that is.”

“A nerve racking coincidence I suppose.”

“Yes. Exactly that. Crazy day.”

“It got even crazier. After capturing the alligator, Professor Craddleson offered me an endorsement from the Pollydroop Corporation. They'll be sponsoring me for the rest of the tournament.”

“Oh, Tin, that's great. Good for you.”

“Thanks,” Tin answered, “Kind of peculiar really.”

“How so? You should be rewarded for the effort if Professor Craddleson sees fit.”

“No not that. Two dangerous monsters on the same day. Weird, isn't it.”

“Yes, I suppose. But no one was hurt. It all worked out for the best.”

“Yeah, I guess. Still kinda weird.”

“Yeah,” Wakulla paused for a moment before continuing. “I bet you're exhausted,” Wakulla said.

“No, not at all,” Tin hastily responded, “A little soar is all.” Tin used his hand to rub his shoulder. “I was just watching a movie,” he added.

“What movie?”

“The Pirate and The Illusive Treasure Hunt.”

“Really. I've never seen it.”

“It's interesting. The pirates rip their treasure map in half and can't find the treasure until they connect the pieces back together.”

“Hm. Sounds cool.”

“It surprised me.”

“Surprised you?”

“I thought it was going to be just another pirate movie with swashbuckling and booty theft, but it was actually well thought out. I think it was supposed to mean something more.”

“And what more could that be?”

“I think the makers of the film were trying to make a satire of present society.”

“In what way?”

“Well I think the two main pirates represented polar opposite ends of a political structure. Meaning no society will ever reach its fullest potential until people come together. Until then we'll all be lost. Love and kindness are society’s treasures.”

Wakulla takes a moment to think this over before responding.

“Do you agree with the film maker’s sentiment?”

“ I do. Reading a torn map is like reading half of a story. The rest of the idea is important to mediation. Why have honor or glory at all if only for oneself?”

“I’m not sure. A sense of self accomplishment could serve as motivation enough.”

“It could, but that could lead to the feeling of an unattainable prize leaving one longing for an exchange of emotional currency, something of value.”

“A happy life has value.”

To that notion, Tin had no response. “But what do you think?”

Wakulla paused for a moment, looking down and rubbing her chin. Tin eyed girl longingly. ‘If only I could kiss her now’ he thought as he stared at the shape of her pink lips and shining Earthy eyes. Wakulla was wearing a silky robe over her shoulders covering the matching night

gown she wore underneath. The robe hung to one side exposing her shoulder and Tin looked her up and down. “I
believe the means justify the ends. One’s own inspiring internal void can only be filled with the journey that fits the void” Wakulla explained.

“How would you go about it?”

“I would allow my natural emotional inclinations to lead the way.”

“Sounds a little irrational. Chaotic.”

“Not really. Everyone has instincts. Something told us to eat, hunt and play. It's the same kind of feeling when you're chasing your dreams. You know when you've done the right thing.”

“Not always. Sometimes you fail and realize maybe you shouldn't have tried at all.”

“Would it be better to not chase the treasure at all. You wouldn't have any chance at finding it if you never try.”

Tin nodded his head in agreement.

“Is that why you're in the tournament? To find a treasure,” Wakulla asked. Tin looked up at the ceiling in contemplation. This time Wakulla was the one eyeing the other. Wakulla gazed at Tin’ strong chin, neck and shoulders as he thought. Tin looked down from the ceiling and to the tablet as he answered.

“I guess you can say that. I want to be a hero which I think is much the same. What's your treasure?”

“I think you only hunt for treasure if you need one. I’d love to be a certified athlete and travel the world dazzling crowds. Sounds like a treasure just for me, pretentiously, possibly.”

“I guess you could see it that way, but I don't think the audience would agree. Bringing people joy should be rewarded as well. That's a treasure for everyone.”

Tin always had a way of taking a closer look at things, a most attractive quality to Wakulla.

“I'd like to think so.” Wakulla thought for a moment before asking, “What do your parents make of the ordeal?”

“I'm not sure. They've scheduled a transmission for tomorrow. I'll speak to them then.”

“Good. My mother was very upset. Huffing and puffing about it all. Calling for more security measures at the stadium. I found it hilarious.”

Wakulla and Tin share a laugh. Tin's stomach growls a loud growl that shakes him and his couch.

“You should eat. Your stomach sounds like an alligator.”

Tin chuckled.

“I did. I had a sandwich at the Pollydroop Factory and again when I got home. I've eaten an entire meatloaf and twenty seven breakfast biscuits.”

“You must've overexerted yourself today. Eat. And get some rest,” Wakulla instructed. “You do the same La…Wakulla” answered Tin. “What’d you say?” Wakulla asked. “Wakulla. Good night. I was saying. I'll see you tomorrow.” “Right. I'll see you then,” Wakulla tapped the screen of her glass tablet and her image disappeared. Tin sulked his way to the kitchen with a hand on his stomach. He opened the refrigerator and looked inside. It was empty. Tin closed the refrigerator and made his way into the elevator of The Dozenth. Once at the bottom of the pillar, Tin exited the elevator and stepped into the surrounding woods. Tin spotted a tall Moonfruit Tree. High on a branch, swung a grey skinned fruit with a bright purple fruity meat inside. Tin gathered himself and jumped up, grabbing the lowest branch of the tree. Tin then climbed his way up using only his arms to swing from branch to branch. Once at the branch holding the fruit Tin reached out and pulled the Moonfruit from the branch. Tin held the fruit under his arm as he lowered himself down the trunk of the tree. Before reaching the bottom, Tin heard a sort of hissing noise. Tin looked down at the ground below. There stood a giant raccoon, two Enures tall. “Out of the way Tin screamed as his eyes blackened and his fingernails protruded outward. This startled the raccoon and the animal scurried away. Tin relaxed and made his way down to the final branch where he swung for a moment before dropping to the ground. Tin walked back through the woods with the Moonfruit tucked under his arm. Once he arrived at The Dozenth, he made his way up to his living room using the elevator. Tin found his way to his bed and laid down with a plop, the fruit still in hand. Tin used one hand to pull off his clothes, tossed the articles to the side and took a bite of the Moonfruit, chewing right through the skin. He smiled to himself as he chewed. His life had taken an incredible turn and Tin couldn't wait to see what tomorrow would bring.

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Fazer, Eneed, Tunton, Sorkin, Briles and Scorer rode in a black truck through the city streets in pursuit of the Oglicians cave. Once at the cave they entered and approached several cages housing vicious creatures. There were Bullpers, Goblamonkees, Porcupawns, and Pegiupeckers in different separated cages. The Peguipeckers were in large birdcages that hung from the ceiling. There were three thousand and forty animals total. Eneed and Scorer fed the animals scraps of meat. Tunton, Sorkin and Briles gave the caged animals a yellow-green liquid in dog bowls. The animals drank away and the concoction seemed to energize them. Fazor pet a Goblamonkee as it ate a glowing pink banana. “Things are coming together nicely. All we must do is await a good time to make our move,” he said with a wicked chuckle.

The AME Tournament continued the next day with the athletes competing at their highest level. The folks at Pollydroop volunteered to repair the pool and the swimming competitions would continue the next day. Tin woke up early, dressed himself and finished his Moonfruit before making his way to The Combat Stadium. Cursor helped Tin prepare for his joust, dressing Tin in a suit of blue Pollydroop armor. Cursor then gave Tin a pair of blue and black Pollydrooper Comet shoes, a gift from Professor Craddleson. Tin stepped into the shoes and went off to participate in the AME Tournaments Candy Cane Joust.

Tin entered The Jousting Room of The Combat Stadium to the delight of the crowd. Tin's opponent, a Placosis man in red armor, entered The Jousting Room to a similar welcome. Two sweet smelling trained animals, a lime green mustang and a bright orange Morgan horse, were brought into the arena, escorted by two officials in grey and black suits. The animals were genetically enhanced giving them a delicious sugary smell. Tin and his opponent were given candy cane lances, both three Enures long. Tin and his opponent mounted their horses and trotted to opposite sides of the jousting track. The riders pulled on their reins and the horses waved at the audience with a lifted hoof. The crowd waved back and, with a wave from an official, the joust began. The competitors rode on opposite sides of the long separating pole in between them with great speed and clashed once they met at its center. Both candy canes exploded once making contact with the riders, but neither of them fell from their horses. The officials handed both of the riders new candy cane lances and they rode again. This time Tin’s candy cane was broken and he fell from the horse. The crowd cheered.

Tin dusted himself off and remounted his horse. He would be given a chance to tie the match. After Tin received a new candy cane, the riders rode again. This time both riders fail to connect. They rode again and this time Tin was the one to knock his opponent down. His lance exploded on contact. His opponent landed on the ground with a loud clank. The crowd cheered. Tin’s opponent remounted his horse, grabbed hold of his candy cane, which remained unbroken, and remounted his horse. Tin received another lance and they rode to break the tie. The riders galloped whole heartily as the crowd erupted with screams of anticipation. Once they met in the middle, both riders aimed their lances and connected with their opponents. Both lances broke, Tin’s into two pieces and his opponent into nothing but the handle left in his hand. Tin fell off of

his horse. His opponent leaned to the side and it seemed, for just a moment, as if he would fall. However, he did not. Tin's opponent remained on his horse and won the match. When Tin hit the ground his body protectively transformed itself into its Reptilorn form. Tin shrieked. He shook his head trying to focus. The screams of the crowd were dizzying for Tin and he struggled to stand. His opponent, who took a galloping victory lap around the track, was awarded one hundred thousand Crispies. The crowd applauded. Tin, his opponent, and the sweet smelling horses, waved to the crowd and exited the Jousting Room. Cursor applauded Tin's performance upon his arrival in the Team Everforce training room. "Great job. I know jousting isn't your strong suit," Cursor said.

"I'll do better next time."

"I'm sure you will. Now, take a moment to rest."

And with that Tin went off to the men's locker room. The hallway outside of the locker rooms, was mostly empty except for Wakulla, Laslur, and a Placosis athlete, a woman with the ears and nose of a cat. Wakulla, dressed in a Flyers jumpsuit, sat on the floor as Laslur approached.

"Wakulla, I tried to call you last night. What happened?"

"Nothing happened. And I'm fine."

"I was worried. That was scary, yesterday, wasn't it. I'm glad no one got hurt."

"Yeah, me too. I thought you were going to come to the celebration."

"That's what I said, but-"

Wakulla interrupted Laslur's speech.

"You were embarrassed. You lost your race. Or is that an unfair presumption?" Wakulla asked as she stood, looking Laslur in his eyes.

"Embarrassed? No, I didn't stretch properly before the race and I've been saving my energy for the later rounds of the tournament," Laslur explained in a matter of fact tone. "We all lose every once in a while. Anyway, let's walk the beach later today after we compete," Laslur said.

"I don't know if I'm feeling the beach after last night's fiasco."

"Oh right."

"Where were you when the monster arrived?"

"I was um…I don't remember exactly."

“You don't remember where you were when a giant sea monster attacked the building you were inside of?”

“I don't remember *exactly*. I think I was…I was in the men's locker room. Yes, that's where I was.”

Laslur leaned in close to Wakulla and put his hand on her shoulder.

“I would never have left you or any of those other people in danger. I've always got your back.” Wakulla looked down at Laslur's hand and he took it away. “Come to the beach with me tonight. They cleaned the beach and there were extra police everywhere. We’ll be fine,” Laslur insisted. “I'll think about it,” Wakulla answered. “Take all the time you need. Actually, not all the time. An amount of time that ends before tonight…when we go…to the beach…hopefully.” Wakulla agreed and Laslur went off to prepare for his event. Today Laslur would be competing in the treasure race. Wakulla exited the training room and went off to race the obstacle course. She fared well in the event, coming in third place, but nevertheless she was disappointed in the result.

At this point, Tin had removed his armor and was wearing his jumpsuit. He was tired having jousted all morning, but his best event was next. Today's lineup of events featured a maze race through a garden lined with concrete walls covered in draping exotic vines. Tin talked with Cursor for a moment before the race and they devised a strategy. Tin entered the Sand Field Auditorium which held a large sand field. The field was prepared for the race with the addition of concrete vine-covered walls and red bushes that stood two Enures high that were planted in various places. Tin stepped up to the starting line alongside five other competitors, including Tunton, Eneed, Magnara and Astrinae. The competitors were all dressed in their team jumpsuits. Each competitor was equipped with a small circular device the size of a wrist watch. The device had a strap that allowed it to be attached to the palm of the hand. There was a scoring sensor in the face of the device. The competition was a game of Tag-The-Lynx.

The officiating crew escorted three gold Lynx to the maze and set the animals free to roam. The object of the competition was to successfully place a hand on one of the golden lynx. Upon tagging the Lynx, the competitor is awarded a point and must stand in one place for fifteen seconds, giving the Lynx time to run off allowing other competitors a chance to tag the lynx. The competitors were to chase the lynx for five minutes at a time in three consecutive periods called rounds. The athlete with the most points at the end of the three rounds would be considered the winner. Commissioner Emblemson was in attendance of the race, watching from a tunnel that led to the Committee Board Room. Wakulla looked on from a seat in the stands surrounding the field. Tin, Magnara, Eneed, Astrinae and Sorkin all took their starting positions at different entrances to the stage. An official gave the signal, a whistle blew and the competition began. The five competitors entered the maze.

The bushes of the maze were organized to create dozens of hiding places for the lynxs. The three gold lynx found their way to pathways near the center of the maze and awaited searching athletes. Tin quickly sprinted through the first part of the path which lay before him before coming to a split path. The splits in the path went in opposite directions. Tin went to the left. Tin ran down the long path to another split. This time he went right. There wasn't a lynx in sight. A dinging noise sounded and Tin stopped running for a moment. Tin looked up at the glass tablet box hanging above the track. The tablet was displaying a holographic scoreboard. The ding signified the successful tag of the lynx. Magnara already had one point.

Tin continued on, searching for a lynx to tag. Finally he spotted a speedy lynx running from its hiding place behind one of the red bushes at the end of a pathway. Tin pursued and the lynx turned the corner of the pathway. Tin ran to the end of the pathway and turned the same corner. Once around the corner Tin looked around for the lynx to no avail. There was now another split pathway before him. Ding! The signal of another successful tag rang through the arena. Tunton had tagged a lynx. Tin chose to search the right side of the split pathway and alas he found a lynx with its back turned to him. Tin quietly stepped towards the lynx until he was just a few feet away from making his first tag. The lynx licked its right paw, before it turned its head, spotting Tin in his approach. The lynx began to run. Tin chased after the animal which was quickly creating a distance between them. Tin jumped up high and grabbed the grass wall of the maze. Tin then used his feet to push himself off of the wall. Tin soared through the air for a moment and landed within arms reach of the lynx. Tin reached out with his hand and tagged the lynx. Ding! The glass tablet signified confirmation of Tin’s tag. Tin stood in place as the lynx scoffed and ran off to another pathway of the maze.

Tin waited in place for a moment when…Ding! The sound of another tag rang. Ding! And another. Every competitor had scored a point. It was just one minute into. After waiting for the full fifteen seconds Tin ran off again back down the pathway in which he came. Tin made his way down the other end of the split path and came to a trail with three pathways at its end. Tin took the path to the left. This path had two occupants, Magnara and a cunning lynx. Magnara chased the lynx towards Tin who stood awaiting their approach. The lynx ran to within a foot of being tagged by Tin, but the animal crouched down low and scurried around him. Magnara continued after the animal, giving Tin a push as she passed him in a bit of defense. Tin stumbled as Magnara continued on. Tin was frustrated and his nails began to protrude. His eyes blackened and his exoskeleton materialized. Tin ran off after Magnara and the lynx. The lynx led them down a string of pathways before reaching a dead end. The lynx brought it running to a stop and turned around to face Magnara and Tin who weren't far behind. Magnara and Tin stopped in front of the lynx, trapping the animal. The lynx ran to its left and jumped onto the wall of the maze in an attempt to make its way around the two competitors. Magnara was closest to the animal and reached for the animal, but couldn't lay a hand on it. The lynx pushed itself from the wall into the air and Tin leapt, meeting the animal in flight. Tin reached out a hand and tagged the animal before they both came to a safe landing on the pathway. Ding! Tin had scored another point. Tin stood in place as Magnara ran by him. “Nice tag,’ Magnara said as she continued after the lynx. A replay of Tin’s tag played on the glass tablet above. The crowd cheered.

The match was hallway over. After fifteen seconds Tin ran off again down the pathway which led to another. Ding! Ding! Ding! A series of bell sounds signaled the scoring of several competitors. Tin picked up his pace, running feverishly in search of another lynx. Tin roamed the pathways of the maze without spotting a lynx. At one point, he passed Eneed, running in the opposite direction. Tin gave Eneed a nod as she passed. Eneed kept her eyes on the path ahead of her and passed without giving Tin a look. Eneed reached the end of the pathway and turned the corner. Tin reached the end of the path and turned to the right down another path. This path had a circular patch at its end with a single fountain at its center. There was a large gold statue of a lynx in the middle of the fountain pool. Tin approached the statue taking time to admire its beauty as he approached. As Tin got closer to the statue, a live golden lynx jumped out from its hiding place behind the statue. Tin reached out as the lynx flew through the air and made an athletic tag. Ding! The scoring bell sounded and then a horn that indicated the round was over. The competitors found their way back to their starting points as the crowd applauded. The scoreboard displayed the score of the first round. Tin had three points. Magnara had three points. Eneed had two points. Sorkin had two points and Astrinae had four.

Commissioner Emblemson watched on from the tunnel and clapped excitedly. “Beautiful, just beautiful! Excellent first round.” The competitors waited at their starting points outside of the maze and awaited the start of the next round. A horn sounded and the second round began. The competitors entered the maze and scattered about. Tin breathed slowly as he jogged through the maze. He felt at home on the track of the maze. His predatory instincts played to his advantage in this competition. There wasn't much thinking to do. Tin could let loose and let his mind be free. The object was simple. Catch the lynx. Tin felt like he could let himself loose without fear of losing control during the match. His eyes blackened. His nails and exoskeleton extended further. His skin turned its pretty purple color and he sped through the maze. Tin encountered a lynx on a pathway near the middle of the maze. Tin reached out and made a tag. Ding! Tin continued on as a few dings sounded in the arena. All of the competitors were making impressive tags of the lynx.

Tin quickly encountered another lynx and shortly after the other, making two more tags in the first half of the match. The crowd was roaring with delight. Commissioner Emblemson clapped with all his might. ‘This type of action is just what the tournament needed after yesterday’s incident,’ Commissioner Emblemson thought to himself. Tin was able to make thee more tags of the lynx before the second round came to a close with one round left to be played. The competitors made their way back to different starting places, switching their entry points for the last round. Tin now had nine points. Magnara had eight. Sorkin had seven. Eneed had six and Astrinae was in the lead with ten points. A horn sounded and the competitors ran into the maze.

Tin found his way to the lynx fountain once again, but this time there was no lynx to be found. Tin turned back in the opposite direction and found a lynx creeping from one pathway to another. Tin spotted the lynx and ran after it. The lynx sped off and entered a pathway where Eneed was jogging along. Eneed noticed the lynx from one end of the path and Tin chased from the other. The lynx stood in the middle awaiting the approach of the two competitors. Eneed

jumped for the lynx first and then Tin. Eneed made a tag while Tin missed. Ding! Eneed stood in place while the lynx ran off. Tin took a moment to collect himself. “Excellent move,” Tin said. “I know,” Eneed answered. Tin turned away in search of the lynx.

Ding! Ding! Two more tags were made. Tin made his way through many of the pathways as time ticked away. The round was hallway over when he spotted Magnara at the end of the pathway. Magnara was in pursuit of another lynx. The lynx she chased attempted to use the wall as a spring to avoid being tagged, but Magnara stepped in front of the lynx and caught the animal in her arms. Ding! Magnara had scored again. Magnara set the animal on the ground and the lynx ran off. Tin continued down the pathway after the lynx. The lynx led Tin down a path where the other two lynx had met at a point in the maze. Tunton and Astrinae were also on this pathway. The three lynx met at the middle of the pathway with Tin, Astrinae and Tunton approaching from both sides of the pathway. The lynx split up in different directions with one of them moving closer to Astrinae and Tunton while the other two moved towards Tin. The three lynx attempted to use the walls to jump up and avoid the competitors. Sorkin reached Astrinae and Sorkin lunged for the lynx before they simultaneously tagged the animal. Tin ran to the wall to his right and jumped up, using his feet to push off the wall into the air, tagging one lynx in the process. Tin's jump sent him flying to the opposite wall of the pathway where the third lynx was attempting a similar jump. Tin and the lynx crossed paths in the air and Tin reached out, tagging the Lynx with his left hand. Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Tin, Astrinae and Tunton had all scored. The final horn sounded and the match came to an end. The crowd applauded the captivating end of the match. Commissioner Emblemson was clearly pleased. “Again. One more round!” Commissioner Emblemson joked. There wasn't need for another round. The final score clearly indicated the winner. Tin had twelve points. Magnara had ten. Eneed had ten. Tunton had ten and Astrinae had eleven. Tin had won. The final tags were deciding ones in the close match. An official lifted one of Tin's hands up in the air. Wakulla and the rest of the crowd cheered. Commissioner Emblemson was elated and did a strange little dance with both arms moving from side to side. “Excellent. A win will be extremely beneficial to the cause!” An AME Ambassador, a soldieresque man with broad shoulders, holding a small Pollydroop trophy, with a gold figurine shaped like Enchantra, and a clear glass plate, entered The and Room via the Committee entrance. The ambassador was in pursuit of a podium near an entrance to the garden maze. “No. Wait. Let me,” Commissioner Emblemson said as he held out his hand, stopping the ambassador mid pursuit. Commissioner Emblemson took hold of the trophy and the plate and mounted the podium facing the crowd of celebrating fans. Commissioner Emblemson quieted the crowd and began to speak.

“What an exciting race. Truly impressive. I'm proud to say our efforts in creating a fun friendly competitive atmosphere has paid off despite our unfortunate incident yesterday. Workers from our good friends at Pollydroop are speedily repairing the damage done during the opening ceremony celebration,” Commissioner Emblemson said as he addressed the crowd. He looked at Tin. “Tin, come,” Commissioner Emblemson said as he waved for Tin to approach. Tin took the stage next to Commissioner Emblemson and the commissioner handed Tin the trophy and the glass plate.

Tin gazed at the trophy and it shone in his eyes. He looked at the holographic image in the glass plate. ‘One Hundred Thousand Crispies’ it read. The plate was a check for one hundred thousand Crispies and the holographic image was in the shape of a Crispie bill. “Tin, as winner of the Catch The Lynx Maze race, you have been awarded this Pollydroop trophy and one hundred thousand Crispies!” Commissioner Emblemson said with a big smile. The crowd cheered. “This is surely a sign that our attention to protecting our athletes will pay off in the form of more entertaining games. May this be the greatest AME Tournament yet!” And with that final address Commissioner Emblemson turned from the crowd to face Tin. “Perfect Tin. Well done,” said the commissioner as he gave Tin a pat on the back. Commissioner Emblemson and Tin dismounted the podium and Emblemson went off to the tunnel. Tin walked around the sand field and to the doors that lead to a hallway. The other competitors were in the hallway, all heading for their respective locker rooms. Cursor met Tin in the hall.

“How's about a high five. C’mon jump up,” Cursor joked. Tin laughed. “You did phenomenal as I knew you would.” Jandria, a brown skinned older woman with short strands of red in her black hair, and Harleton, a dark brown man with a big stomach, a bald head, and brown eyes, one of which was a little crooked, with an AME Tournament sports cap on his head, both dressed in draping tribal patterns, approached Tin. Jandria was just a little bit shorter than Tin and Harleton was just a little bit taller. Jandria and Harleton, old friends of Tin's parents, owned The Dozenth and allowed him to stay there. Winton and Surge have been exploring in space for the last decade and the home they and Tin grew up in was sold and is now inhabited by another family in Solareen. Jandria and Harleton have seen videos of Tin compete, but this was the first time they got to see him race in person. “Galaxia! You're phenomenal!” Harleton said as he gave Tin a slap on the shoulder. Jandria gave Tin a big hug and rubbed him on the shoulder Harleton slapped. “You're stronger than you used to be,” Jandria said, “Nice run. But you were so close.” Jandria kissed Tin on the forehead. “When was the last time you spoke to Wintin and Surge?” she asked.

“It's been a few months or so. Have you talked to them?”

“For a moment, about a week ago, Harleton answered. “And what did they say,” Tin asked, “Another extension I presume?” Tin questioned. “Not exactly,” Harleton answered, “but everything is going to be okay.” Jadria interjected, “The Pollyexplorer was designed with parts that are easy to fix and replace, but they've had it for a while and Polystylene is hard to find in the galaxy.”

“I'm sure they'll find a way to fix everything and they'll be home soon,” Harleton added, “They said they want you to focus on the tournament.” “And they love you very much. With all of the stars in Galaxia!” Jandria said. “They’ll be at a transmission station tomorrow they said,” Harleton promised. “We'll stop by the Dozenth sometime soon,” Jandria added. “Great,” Tin said, “Love you. Galaxia.” “Galaxia,” Harleton and Winston said and they made exit of The Combat Stadium. “Excellent,” Cursor said, giving Tin a wink.

“Tin!” Wakulla called from the end of the hall. Wakulla ran up to Tin and gave him a sort of sideways hug, making sure not to knock the trophy or plate out of his hand. ‘Best day ever’ Tin thought to himself. A trophy, a hundred thousand Crispies, a hug? Was this really happening? “Let’s eat,” Wakulla suggested. “Superb idea,” said Cursor. “Wakulla!” Laslur yelled from near an entrance to the hallway. Laslur quickly approached. “Tin, Congrats,” Laslur said as he reached out a hand. Tin shuffled his trophy in his arms and reached out a hand. They shook. “Wakulla are you still coming to the beach?” Laslur quickly asked. “I told you I hadn't decided,” Wakulla answered. “Yes, you said you'd think about it and I was just checking to see if you were still thinking about it or if you had come to a decision,” Laslur responded in a matter of factly tone. “I’ve been thinking about my competition,” Wakulla answered sternly. “Understandably so, I’m getting ready for my race as well. Which I am going to win. Unquestionably,” Laslur said. Cursor interjected “Come Tin. To the cafeteria,” Cursor said as he and Tin went off down the hallway. “Save me a place, Tin,” Wakulla called out as Tin and Cursor turned the corner at the end of the hallway and were no longer in view.

“So I'm not really feeling the beach tonight. Maybe some other time,” Wakulla quickly said, snapping her head around to face Laslur. “Well then what are you feeling?” Laslur asked. “I don't know. I might just relax at home tonight. I'll probably be tired after my obstacle race,” Wakulla answered. “We could just lay on the beach for a while. That would be relaxing wouldn't it?” Laslur suggested. Wakulla thinks about it for a moment. “Maybe it would be,” Wakulla answered.
“Good. Maybe. Again. If you decide, come find me. I'll be there with some of the other athletes.”

“If they'll be there then you won't need me.”

“No, forget them. I want you there.”

“Why?”

Laslur took a moment to think.

“Why not? We should have a bit of fun,” Laslur answered. Wakulla thought it was a good answer.

“Can Tin and Cursor come?*

“Why do they have to come? We should walk the beach alone. Just the two of us.”

“Your friends are going to be there. Why can't I bring my friends?”

“You have a point,” Laslur answered, “Well, if that'll get you to come, then so be it. Bring them.” “I shall,” Wakulla answered as she turned away. Wakulla went off down the hall. Laslur stood there for a moment watching Wakulla walk down the hall.

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Commissioner Emblemson sat in the backseat of an autonomous cream colored Pollydroop car, speeding down a road that led from The Combat Stadium to the freeway that eventually led to his mansion home. The evening sky was orange and red and a large red moon shone like a big fruit hanging above. Commissioner Emblemson was looking at a glass tablet on the dashboard. The dashboard display was an image of Rawra, in a red silk robe, who transmitted from their home. The Emblemsons lived in a cavernous mansion made completely out of rock. “You and Tin are all over the news. The public loves a redemption story,” Rawra informs. Commissioner Emblemson nods. “Very good,” Commissioner Emblemson looked at the screen with a blank stare. His mind was still in yesterday's events.

“What's wrong Ernie?” Rawra asked. The Commissioner’s first name is Ernestsad.

“The tournament attacked by a giant sea monster and the Pollydroop Factory terrorized by a mutated alligator on the same day. Very strange,” The Commissioner answered. “Yes, there hasn't been a monster invasion breach at an AME event for forty seven years. I saw that on the news,” Rawra said in response. “And you. Are you truly satisfied with the results? This will surely distract people from more capable athletes with more marketing potential? Rawra inquired. “Tin’s performance will determine his marketing potential. Maybe he'll surprise us all. As long as people enjoy the tournament, I will be pleased. “If you're pleased so then pleased I will be,” said Rawra, “See you at home.” And with that the transmission ended. The Commissioner reclined the back of the seat of his chair and leaned backwards resting his eyes as the Pollydroop car led him down the freeway towards his home.

The orange and red sky sent moon rays beaming down on the Pollydroop freeway. The tranquility of flying birds and swaying trees waved throughout Solareen. It was a beautiful city. There were large Pollydroop buildings and creatively built homes in suburbs with clean streets that sparkled in the light and glowed a bright green neon color in the night. In the sky, out of the yellow clouds, a person wearing a jet pack shaped like a pair of wings came flying downwards in pursuit of the freeway where Commissioner Emblemson was finally beginning to relax. It was a man, wearing a silver, purple, and white mechanized foil jumpsuit suit with a pink lining and boots that connected to the suit. The wings of the suit were dirty silver and had jets on the end

of the wings. On his head, the man wore a silver helmet with a pink visor covering his eyes. On his hands were large silver gloves with the fingers cut off. The tips of his dark green fingers and black nails could be seen poking out the gloves. He held his arms tightly by his side and swooped down thousands of feet as if falling from heaven with the jets pushing him downward at an incredible speed. The Commissioner's Pollydroop car was speeding along the freeway. Just one mile from reaching the freeway, the man with mechanical wings adjusted his arms to a position out in front of him and the thrusters of the jet pack adjusted their positions, changing the man's falling trajectory in a direction towards the commissioner. The man flew to position over the Commissioner's car, keeping steady pace with the vehicle below. The man lowered himself to the car and landed on the hood without a sound, grabbing hold of the sides of the car with his long arms. The Commissioner was falling asleep inside. The man with the jetpack extended his long black nails to a length of two feet. The man with the jet pack then took one hand from its place on the side of the car and used it to jab his hand into the roof of the Pollydroop car. This startled the Commissioner and he sat up in his chair. The man, on top of the car, jabbed his other hand through the top of the car and his two feet nails stuck downward in front of the commissioner. The Commissioner growled and tapped the glass screen to indicate an emergency alert. The man with the jet pack moved his legs and put his feet on top of the hood. He pulled his arms around the hood of the Pollydroop car with his hands, his nails still inside and pulled the top upward, popping the top of the Pollydroop car. Emblemson looked up at him and growled again. The man with the jet pack threw the top of the car and the car came to a screeching halt. The man reached into the car and the commissioner lunged at the man in the form of an attack. The man with the jet pack used one arm to fend off the commissioner, who was weary of coming in contact with the long nails of the man, and the other arm to reach down and grab the commissioner pulling him up out of the vehicle. The man with the jet pack pulled Commissioner up close to his body, grabbed him tight and leapt from the hood of the car into the air. The jets of the wings ignited and Commissioner Emblemson struggled to be freed until the man with the jet pack flew to a height where a fall would be deadly. The two of them flew off into the evening sky while the horn of the Pollydroop's alert system blared.

Tin, Cursor and Wakulla were just finishing their meals as they sat around a Pollydroop table in the massive cafeteria of The Combat Arena. They were indulging in the carcasses of three flavor enhanced mutated pigeons that had shiny red feathers before being cooked. The pigeons had a strawberry flavored skeleton and the red bones lay on the table on the plates in front of them. Tin burped a loud rumbling burp. Wakulla laughed and burped herself. Cursor laughed and burped a burp that shook the entire room like an earthquake. Ambassador Burtonin quickly entered the room and approached the table of diners. "Cursor, quickly, come with me," Ambassador Burtonin pleaded. "What's the matter Ambassador Burtonin?" Cursor asked. "It's an emergency. I'll explain. Please come with me," Ambassador Burtonin said as he gestured towards the door. Cursor and Ambassador Burtonin quickly exited the cafeteria. Wakulla turned to Tin. "What do you think about going to the beach after my race? Laslur and a bunch of people are going to be there. A party of sorts?" Wakulla asked. "That sounds fun, but I don't think Laslur would want me there," Tin answers. "He's the one that invited you," Wakulla answered. "I'm supposed to talk to my parents in the morning," Tin said in response. He wasn't thrilled about the idea of hanging out with Laslur. He could tell Laslur had his eyes on Wakulla and was

jealous of their relationship even though they were good friends. “Then we’ll just go for a minute or two and leave. It'll be fun,” Wakulla insisted. Tin contemplated the proposition for a moment before answering. “Just a minute or two? Sure, I guess.” “Okay great!” Wakulla said, “I'll meet you after my race.” Wakulla stood from the table and exited the cafeteria. Tin grabbed one of the red bones off of the table and put it in his mouth. He chewed the bone in a single crunch and swallowed. Tin burped one more time and stood from the table. Cursor re-entered the cafeteria and called out to Tin. “Tin come quick,” Cursor said, “Someone has kidnapped Commissioner Emblemson!”

The attendees of the AME Tournament were gathered in various auditoriums watching the large glass tablet screens that hung in the center of each room. The screen displayed an image of the podium that stood beside the field. Wakulla and Burtonin were in the room of the Grass Field Auditorium. Wakulla was standing on the edge of the field. Burtonin was in pursuit of the podium where two AME Ambassadors awaited his arrival. Tin and Cursor came to Wakulla's side. Burtonin mounted the podium and approached the microphone. “Ladies, gentlemen, humans and mutants alike, I regretfully inform you all that Commissioner Emblemson is missing. His vehicle was found with considerable damage and video recordings from the inside of the vehicle indicate a kidnapping. The proper authorities are investigating the situation. The games will continue as scheduled. That is all the information I have for now. I encourage everyone to carry on with the festivities of this year’s AME Tournament and there will be a reward of five hundred thousand Crispies for anyone with information regarding Commissioner Emblemson’s disappearance. That is all,” said Ambassador Burtonin before stepping down from the podium. The crowd murmured concerned whispers. Tin, Wakulla and Cursor exited the auditorium into a hallway that led to the locker rooms. As they walked the halls they discussed the current matter.

“I hope Commissioner Emblemson is going to be alright,” Wakulla said. “I'm sure they'll find him. The commissioner is a very resourceful man,” said Cursor, “he’ll find his way home.” “Do you think there is anything we can do?” Tin asked. Cursor felt helpless at the moment. “Let’s trust in The Galaxia. The positive energies of the stars will bring him home,” Cursor answered. The three of them reached the locker rooms and Wakulla entered the women's room. “Are you going to watch the obstacle race Cursor?” Tin asked. “I can not. I'm helping Inast prepare for the joust.” Cursor headed for the Team Everforce locker room. Tin called out to him, halfway down the hallway. “Wait Cursor,” Tin yelled, getting both Cursor’s attention and that of a few passing athletes, “Wakulla invited us to the beach later tonight! Will you come with us?” Tin asked. “Sure. Sure. I'll meet you outside of the stadium after Inast wins,” Cursor said in confirmation before disappearing around the right corner at the end of the hall.

Tin entered the men's locker room and disrobed. He stepped into the locker room shower and turned the handle. The hot water ran down his body and the steam surrounded him. He was the only one in the shower and enjoyed a quiet moment to himself. The commissioner’s disappearance came at quite a surprise. Tin tried to calm his thoughts. He thought of Wakulla. Much like the floating image of his ceiling projector in The Dozenth, it felt like Wakulla was there with him in image, essence and spirit. Wakulla, in her perceived naked image, seemed to float amongst the mist in front of Tin. Tin was enthralled. He stretched his neck and rubbed his

shoulders with his hands. Tin constantly had unrestrainable sexual thoughts of Wakulla and her naked spirit occupied the otherwise empty shower. The steam of the water was like a soft stroke of Wakulla's hand rubbing his body. Tin's body was hot from competition and sweat dripped down his body as the water washed it away. Each drip tickled his skin causing a passionate sensation that relaxed Tin's body. It felt like Wakulla was whispering to Tin through the sound of the showering water. 'Tin," the water said to him, "I love you with all of the stars in Galaxia." Wakulla hugged him tight through the falling fluids of the shower. The stream acted as her arms and Tin wrapped his arms around himself to complete the embrace. In his mind, Tin could feel her soft skin, firm breasts and thighs, and flat abdomen pressing against him. He was aroused at the thought. Tin wanted to kiss the cloud of the surrounding stream and licked his lips slowly. Tin leaned his head back, allowing the water to beat across his broad strong chest as he imagined Wakulla kissing him there. As the kiss vibrated through his body's nervous system, Laslur, completely naked, entered the shower room. "What are you doing?" Laslur asked. Tin quickly turned the handle in front of him and turned off the showers bringing an end to his amorous day dream. "I'm finished," Tin said, "It's all yours."

Tin quickly exited the shower room and grabbed a white towel from a stack that stood by the showers. Tin put on his underwear, jumpsuit, and Elonium brand tennis shoes, which now had a little dirt on them. Tin exited the locker room leaving his bag inside and walked the hall towards the room holding the obstacle course track. Tin entered the Grass Field Auditorium as the competition was beginning. Tin took a seat in the stands and the starting horn sound. Wakulla and the other competitors, Sophilia, took off down the track towards the rock wall. Sophilia cleared the obstacle quickly, climbing up and down both sides while Wakulla's climb took a bit longer. Climbing wasn't Wakulla's strong suit and neither was the traversing of heights. Wakulla eventually cleared the obstacles as her knees nervously shook. After clearing the rock wall Wakulla approached the netted poles. This obstacle was a better fit of her abilities and she made an impressive push as she danced her way through the complicated ropes of the obstacle. Once through the nets Wakulla took a smooth dive into the pool, gliding through the water with fishy elegance. She exited the pool in fourth place right behind Sophilia, who pumped her arms and wings to propel her up the track. Wakulla gave a burst of speed and passed both Sophilia and the runner in second place. There was just one Homolinian woman, representing The Oglicians, ahead of her. Sophilia was right behind her, now in third place. The Homolinian in first place started to tire as they approached the finish line and Wakulla caught up to the woman, the two of them running side by side. The crowd grew excited. Wakulla and the Homolinian woman both crossed the finish line seemingly simultaneously and the winner couldn't be determined at first sight. Sophilia crossed the finish line next and then the rest of the competitors came following behind. The glass tablet above replayed the end of the race and the crowd waited in anticipation. Wakulla and her opponent crossed the finish line just one step away from each other. The Homolinian woman was first to cross the line. The crowd oohed and awed. The Homolinian woman was the winner of one hundred thousand Crispies. The woman shook Wakulla's hand before taking the podium. Wakulla flusteredly sped off to the women's locker room. Tin watched Wakulla storm off before exiting through the stands.

Downton Solareen was busy with citizens, thousands of enhanced humans walked the streets going from shop to shop. At the heart of the downtown, sat a five story grey Pollydroop office building surrounded by a metal gate. This is the Gegsin laboratory. The building was filled with offices and had a large main laboratory at its center. One office took up the entirety of the fifth floor. This is the office where Gegsin developed his performance enhancement formula. The room contained a large Pollydroop table desk, two chairs, a glass tablet of ten Enures, and a large shelf of six Enures, that held a number of glass containers filled with various liquids. Gegsin stood behind his desk. Fazor stood in the center of the office on the hard white Pollydroop floor. Beside him, the body of a maroon Wooloxicorn was laid on the ground. “I’ll send you your forty thousand Crispies and you can be on your way,” Professor Gegsin said as he walked towards the large glass tablet. Fazor raised a hand. “Nope. Cash. No records,” Fazor said and Gegsin stopped in his tracks. “Very well,” Gegsin responded and went back to the desk. Gegsin stepped behind the desk and tapped his finger on its edge. A drawer in the table opened and Gegsin pulled out a bundle of red and blue bills amounting to forty thousand Crispies. Gegsin pulled a money bag from out of the drawer and put the money inside before zipping it closed. “Where's your crew?” Gegsin asked as he approached Fazor with the bag of cash in hand. “At the tournament, probably losing. Rascals,” Fazor answered as he took the bag from Gegsin. “The results are irrelevant. Your team has made a tremendous contribution to the scientific community. The blood of this rare Wooloxicorn will improve my enhancement solution considerably,” Gegsin explained in a sinister tone. “And you'll be providing us with your formula upon its completion, correct?” Fazor asked. “Precisely, and then you and your team will be an unstoppable force,” Gegsin promised as he made his way back behind his desk. Gegsin tapped another spot on his desk and another drawer open. “A drink?” Gegsin offered as he pulled a vile of yellow liquid and two glasses from the drawer. Fazor stepped to the table with the sack of money in one hand. Gegsin filled the two glasses with yellow liquid from the vial before offering one of the glasses to Fazor. Fazor took the vial and both he and Gegsin lifted their glasses into the air. “To evolution,” Gegsin said. “To evolution,” Fazor repeated the toast and he and Gegsin swallowed the contents of their glasses.

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Wakulla showered and dressed in the women's locker room. She entered the hallway outside of the locker room with her gym bag over her shoulder. Tin was standing by the men's locker room with his bag, which now also held his trophy and glass plate check, awaiting Wakulla's arrival. “You're amazing,” Tin said as Wakulla approached.

“I don't feel that way right now,” Wakulla answered.

“You should. Truly marvelous effort. You'll be dazzling audiences across the Galaxia in no time,” Tin assured her and the two of them exited The Combat Stadium through the Athlete’s entrance to the building. As Tin and Wakulla walked out of the building they took notice of the large holographic image that lit up the outer wall of the stadium. Elonium’s image remained but Tin's image now had a slight difference. Tin was now smiling, holding his Pollydroop trophy in one hand and his gold plate check in the other. Laslur’s image was no longer there at all. “Whoa,” Wakulla said as she marvelled at the image. Tin didn't respond. Wakulla gave Tin a light punch on the chin. “Nice chin there dude,” she said as Tin rubbed his chin. “Yes, I am a dashing Reeptilorm, aren't I?” Tin answered. Wakulla shrugged. “Right, a Reeptilorm,” she answered. Cursor steps out of the building and looks at the holographic image. “Who is that?” Cursor joked and the three of them made their way through the parking lot and to the field that led to the Solareenian beach.
Night fell and covered the sky in a black and blue sheet with sparkling fireballs poking through the darkness. There were dozens of colorful umbrellas and beach chairs on the beach.

Twenty of the beach goers surrounded a beach bar with a canopy. Laslur stood near the bar with a few beach partiers. The beach bar was ‘glow-in-the dark’ one could say. Its structure was made out of Pollydroop that lights up in the dark. Tin, Cursor and Wakulla enter the beach at a point about a half mile away from the beach bar. Cursor began walking ahead of Tin and Wakulla. “I'll meet the two of you there,” Cursor said as he hurried his pace, giving Tin and Wakulla a moment alone. Tin and Wakulla strolled the beach and looked out at glistening waters that reflected the night sky. “It's so nice tonight,” Wakulla said, “ Let's take a picture.” Wakulla pulls her pocket tablet out of her pocket and the two of them share a hug as Wakulla uses her thumb to press the screen of the pocket tablet, aiming it at them both, and snapped a holographic photo of the two of them. Wakulla put down her phone and they continued to walk towards the beach bar. “You should get the newest pocket tablet with your earnings. Then we could talk more,” Wakulla suggested.

“I agree. I want to record some moments behind the scenes of the AME Tournament so I can show my parents,”

“Excellent, they're going to be excited when they hear the results of the race. Where are they now?”

“Somewhere shipping around the darkest corners of the galaxy searching for moon rocks and bacterial creatures and such.”

“Right, they're astroarchaeologists correct?”

“Yes, they're the ones who discovered the fossil rock that held the bones of the raptor from which I was designed.”

Tin’s parents created him in a laboratory by combining their DNA with that of a raptor and injecting the genetic concoction into a large artificial egg. A year later Tin hatched from the incubated egg and his life began.

“They've been on their last expedition for the last eleven years,” Tin continued. “I'm sure you miss them at times. Do you?” Wakulla asked. “Constantly, but they help a lot of people with what they do. I wouldn't have been created if they weren't explorers,” Tin answered. “Are you going to leave one day?” Wakulla asked, “Go out far on a spaceship after your parents.”

“No, I don't think I'll ever go that far.”

“Why not?”

“I like it here. There's nothing out there, but space dust anyway. My parents should be back in a few years.”

“And they'll finally get to see the race.”

“See us race,” Tin responded, “The both of us. Before you leave and travel the world to dance in pools, entertaining crowds of people as a prize athlete. You are planning to leave and travel aren't you?” Tin asks.

“Yes, if I can earn an Athlete certification.”

“You will. Everyone knows you will be a great athlete one day.”

“Then what do you mean ‘both of us'? Your parents aren't coming back for a few years?”

“I just mean, you know, what if you don't? You did come in second place.”

“Wow, that hurts,” Wakulla answered, “I could beat you in a race.” “You think?” Tin asked, “let's see.” Tin gestured to the water. “The first one of us to grab a puffer horse wins,” he said. “You’re on,” Wakulla said in agreement.

The two of them set down their bags and kicked off their shoes. Tin and Wakulla ran into the waters of the beach and searched the shallow waters. Puffer horses are small seahorses with soft spikes that protrude out from the bodies. Tin and Wakulla reach down into the waters in search of a puffer horse which heavily inhabited the shore of the beach. Wakulla moved her hands around before pulling a puffer horse out of the water. Wakulla held the cute little creature above her head. “I got one!” she said as she gave the puffer fish a light squeeze causing the head of the animal to inflate. Tin slapped the water in defeat. “You win,” Tin said. “What's my prize?” Wakulla asked. Tin thought for a moment before asking, “What would you like? Winner’s choice.” Wakulla carefully contemplated her answer. “Make me a promise. No matter how far into the galaxy we go, we'll always remain friends.” “Deal,” Tin quickly responds. The two of them froliced around using their hands to splash each other with the cool seawater.

Cursor was standing in a crowd of much shorter people at a beach table near the glowing bar. Cursor held a large, one Enure tall, glass goblet, filled with wild berry beer. Wavy pool tunes played from a speaker behind the bar and several of the beach goers danced to the best. Sitting on opposite ends of the table were Laslur and Tunton engaging in a friendly arm wrestling competition. Laslur and Tunton locked hands, each with one of their elbows on the table, and jostled for position. The two of them were to push the palm of the other's hand with all of their might. Whichever of the two had their hand pushed all the way down to the table would be declared the loser. Laslur and Tunton’s hands were locked at their starting positions for a moment as they both pushed with equal force, but Laslur quickly weakened. His hand moved closer and closer to the table before Tunton gave a final push which brought Tin’s hand all the way down to the table. The crowd surrounding the table, including Cursor, gave a little cheer. “Who’s next,” said Tunton, “C’mon Cursor. Have a try.” Cursor lifted his goblet to his mouth and swallowed all of its contents. Cursor set the goblet down on the ground and bent down low in front of the table. Cursor stuck out his index finger up in the air and his knuckles on the table. Tunton grabbed the index finger with his hand. The contest began and they both began to push.

Tunton was making incredible progress at first until Cursor gave a hard push which sent Tunton's hand slamming into the table. Cursor was victorious. The crowd cheered. Cursor stood and celebrated. “Ha, you owe me a wild berry beer,” Cursor said as he pointed at Tunton. When Cursor pointed his finger in the air the crowd gasped. Cursor confusedly looked down at his index finger. It was dislocated and the tip was bent all the way backwards. “Aaaaaaaaah!” Cursor screamed as the pain kicked in. Tunton sprang from his seat. “Here, let me help,” Tunton said. Cursor bent down low and stuck out his dislocated finger. Tunton grabbed the finger and quickly snapped it back into place. The finger made a large cracking noise as it shifted back into place. “Aw!” Cursor screamed as he stood waving his hand around, “Make it two wild berry beers. On the double.” Tunton snickered and headed for the bar. Laslur giggled for a moment and walked away from the table. Laslur looks down the beach and can see Tin and Wakulla playing in the water. Laslur wasn't happy at the sight and quickly made his way down the beach

unbeknownst to Tin and Wakulla. Tin and Wakulla stop frolicking and walk back up the shore to their bags and shoes. They grabbed their items and begin to walk down the beach again. “Rematch tomorrow,” Tin suggested, “And I choose the prize.” “Only if you win,” Wakulla answered. “We could go again. The arcade is right up the beach.” “That sounds fun, but what about Cursor? And Laslur is probably waiting for me,” Wakulla pointed out. “Cursor will be fine. And the arcade isn't far. It won't take very long. We can play a few games and then go to the beach,” Tin suggested. “Okay, but let's make it quick,” Wakulla answered. The two of them turn in the opposite direction and head down the beach towards the arcade.
The Wave Room, an arcade filled with extreme games, lit up one portion of the Solareenian beach. The arcade was a long one story building with holographic images of games and prices flashing on the walls.
Tin and Wakulla made their way from the beach to the sandy path surrounded by beach bushes that lead to the arcade. They walked along the path and a pink seagull flew in between them. Tin and Wakulla dodged the courageous animals and enter the arcade.

The main floor of The Wave Room was full of families happily wandering from game room to game room. The center of the main floor housed one hundred and forty glass arcade games that displayed holographic images. There was a Pollydroop desk with an attendant standing behind it. Tin and Wakulla found their way to a glass arcade machine with two glass guns attached to its front. Tin and Wakulla each grabbed a glass gun and aimed it at the screen. Tin tapped the screen and the holographic imaging screen displayed a number of space rocks floating in Galaxia surrounding an image of the words ‘SPACE BLASTEROIDS”. The words disappeared and the time limit began. Tin and Wakulla aimed their glass guns at the screen. They pulled the triggers and tried to shoot the floating space rocks which exploded if you made a shot. The space rocks flew all around the screen rapidly changing in direction. Tin and Wakulla jostled for position as they scored, bumping into each other all the while.

Blast! Boom! Bang! Bow! The rocks explode into a thousand pieces across the screen. A digital scoreboard displayed the results of the match high on a sign that sat above the glass machine. Tin's score, seventeen and Wakulla’s score, twenty-seven appeared on the scoreboard. Wakulla raised a hand victoriously and the two of them placed the guns back on the machine. Tin and Wakulla searched for another game to play. Laslur enters the arcade as they were about to begin a hooped game, with a glowing ball that you shoot into the hoop, and interceded himself into the impromptu date. “Wakulla,” said Laslur, "you were supposed to meet me at the beach. What happened? I was worried. Did you guys get attacked by another monster or something.?” Wakulla placed her ball back on the machine of the hooped game and turned to face Laslur. “I know. We just got a little…distracted,” Wakulla answered. “Well hurry up, let's go. They're about to do the limbo,” Laslur suggested. “Just a minute. Tin and I were about to play a game of hoops.”

“There are games down at the beach,” said Laslur, “you and I can kick Tin's butt down at the beach. How's that Tin? You down for a good old-fashioned butt kicking at the beach? You can choose whatever game you like: limbo, skim the wave, arm wrestling, river dancing competition,

a tiki torchy race, whatever you like," Laslur said, challenging Tin to competition. "Well if I had a choice I'd rather get my butt kicked here at the arcade. How about you and I have a game of gravity hockey?"

"Ooh, that sounds fun," said Wakulla, "The winners have to buy everyone wildberry beers. No, Wakulla you should sit this one out. Let me and Tin have a little friendly athletic sparring if you will." "If you must," Wakulla said, "but what is the prize? Me and Tim have been stipulating our competitions." Tin and the Laslur looked at each other for a moment. "Prize? There is no prize, just bragging rights," Laslur answered, looking for redemption from his earlier loss today in the treasure hunt swimming race. Laslur could feel the heart of the leopard and leech that lived inside of him pounding as he nervously swam his way halfway down the swimming pool and got himself caught in a bushel of seaweed. The obstacle course race and jousting made better suits of Laslur's genetic advantages. "That sounds best to me," Tin esponded. "Well, let's give it a go," said Laslur and the two of them made their way to the No Gravity Hockey Room of The Wave Room Arcade. The inside of the room was a large air hockey table the size of a normal hockey ring.

Laslur and Tin prepared themselves with hockey shoulder pads, a hockey helmet, hockey knee pads, and a glowing neon green circular board on which they were to stand. Wakulla found her way behind the tinted glass window that covered the viewing room of the gravity arcade. The game was a non contact sport the two players were supposed to stand on top of their circular boards and float over the air hockey field. The competitors then use their respective hockey sticks to swing and hit a glowing puck into the opponent's goal at either end of the air hockey field. The players were allowed to push their opponents off of their boards, however one had to be standing on top of their board when shooting the puck into the goal for the point to count towards their score. There was to be no punches thrown and no poking in the eyes. The player with the most points at the end of the time limit is considered the winner. This contest would only last for a minute and a half.

Tin and Laslur stepped onto their boards and slid onto the air hockey field awaiting the beginning of the competition. The sound of a horn blared as the glowing puck fell from its position magnetized to the ceiling and fell to a floating stop over a jet shooting wind out of the hockey field floor. Laslur and Tin descended upon the puck which floated from side to side making it difficult to get a good swing at it. Tin was the first to take a swing but missed. Laslur swung and the puck went flying towards Tin's goal. Tin and Laslur went in pursuit of the puck. Tin reached it first and smacked the puck back to the other side. Tin remained floating in place while Laslur found his way to the position of the puck which had missed the goal. It was now floating in the right corner of the ring. Laslur approached the puck and dribbled it, using his hockey stick, over to the other side of the ring where Tin awaited his approach. Laslur allowed the puck to float out in front of him for a moment. He swung his hockey stick from side to side, collected himself and then made a powerful swing which connected with the puck and sent it flying at a speed of two hundred miles per hour towards Tin's goal. Tin, who was floating not far from his own goal, reached out his gloved hand and caught the puck in his left palm. Tin then tossed the puck in front of him and took a powerful swing at Laslur's goal. Laslur steadily floated

his way back to the other side of the air hockey field and the puck went straight in before he could defend his goal. The floor of the air hockey field, which was a galactic purple and black, covered in sparkling stars, lit up to a green glow when Tin's puck made its way through the neon green goal signifying a point that was in Tin's favor. The puck fell down a shaft at the bottom of the goal and made its way through a pipeline system that went through the wall of the air hockey field, up to its ceiling, and once again fell into position against the magnetized ceiling. The horn sounded again and the puck fell to the center of the air hockey field. This time Laslur remained at his starting position at his goal giving Tin the first shot. Tin raced to the middle of the air hockey field and swung his hockey stick with all of his might. He connected with the puck and it went flying towards the goal at a speed of one hundred and eighty miles per hour. Laslur easily caught the puck in his right hand and tossed it in front of him while using his left hand to swing his hockey stick. He connected and the puck went floating to the middle of the Ring where Laslur then floated himself and hit the puck once again.

Laslur floated forward and swung his hockey stick back to a position behind his head in his approach of the puck which now floated forward in front of him. Laslur gave a powerful swing which Tin tried to defend by floating to his left and stretching out both of his arms with his stick in hand. The puck narrowly missed Tin’s hockey stick and went flying into Tin's goal. The floor lit up. A point for Laslur. They were now a minute into this round and the next point surely would be the deciding one.

The puck went through the shaft back up to the ceiling and fell once again. This time both Laslur and Tin went in pursuit of the puck at the center of the air hockey field, this time the puck was pushed by a jet built into the air hockey field’s floor and went back up towards the ceiling. As Laslur and Tin neared the puck, the two competitors looked up at the ceiling and used their arms, and legs, to push and propel themselves up towards the puck above them. Laslur gave Tin a push that almost knocked him off of his board and was the first to come in contact with the puck by swinging his stick. Laslur sent the puck flying towards Tin's goal. Tin changed directions and headed towards his goal where the puck came to a floating stop, having been pushed by a jet sending its trajectory upwards. Once again, Tin floated his way under the puck and waited there for a moment, just floating around. “What are you waiting for? Little reeper-face. Come on, take a shot. Let's get this over with. There isn't much time,” Laslur said. Tin was aware. He was waiting for the time limit to approach. Laslur made a quick reaction to Tin’s strategy and pushed himself forward in pursuit of Tin and the puck.

As Laslur approached Tin swung his stick and came in contact with the puck, sending the puck flying into the right wall of the air hockey field where Wakulla watched from behind the tinted glass wall. The puck smacked the wall at a point in the glass right in front of Wakulla's face. The smacking noise of the puck surprised her as she excitedly watched the competition and awaited the oncoming end of the match.

The puck bounced off of the tinted glass as Laslur floated his way towards the wall in pursuit. The bounce sent the puck flying over Laslur's head back to where Tin waited for the rebound. Once the puck found its way back to Tin, he had a free shot at the goal with Laslur lagging

behind. This was his chance. Tin swung his hockey stick with his powerful arms and the puck went flying directly into Laslur's goal. The floor and Laslur's goal lit up once again. The time limit ran out with the sound of a horn. Tin was the winner. Wakulla cheered from her position behind the glass tinted wall.

"Rematch," Laslur demanded, wanting another chance at beating Tin. "I'm kinda beat man. My body's been over exerting itself lately. Let's play again some other time," Tim responded, which infuriated Laslur. "Not some other time! Now! Let's have a rematch now," Laslur said in fury. "Laslur!" Wakulla said as she made her way to the air hockey field, "That's enough. Tin and I are both tired. Come on Tin. Let's go," Wakulla spoke.Tin tried to push himself towards the edge of the air hockey field but Laslur got in his way and gave him a push sending Tin flying backwards, off of his board and floating over the air hockey field near one of the goals.

Tin's compulsory adrenergic reaction takes over his body and he quickly turns into his full Reeptilorm form. The aggression caused by the reaction would usually be useful in a self-defense situation or when one is put in immediate danger, however, at the moment, the powerful jets below were a problem of balance and equilibrium for Tin in his Reeptilorm form. Tin swung his arms and legs around feverously which caused him to spin up, down, and all around, as he floated through the air in pursuit of a return push. Laslur cockily and gracefully maneuvered himself around Tin's incoming lunge, which sent Tin flying and spinning into the glass tinted wall at the right side of the air hockey field. Tin bounced off of the wall much like the puck that he knocked into Laslur's goal just moments ago.

"Tin!" Wakulla screamed as she jumped from the floor to a position high in the air above one of the jets of the air hockey field. Wakulla attempted to float herself towards Tin, but Laslur reached out and grabbed her. "Wakulla, he'll be fine and we should be at the beach anyway. This whole thing is stupid." Wakulla quickly pulled her arm away from Laslur. "You're right. It is stupid," Wakulla answered, "I think it's time that we went home or you can go back to the beach or whatever you want to do." "Wakulka!" Laslur called after her as she floated away. "I'll see you tomorrow at the arena, Laslur good night," Wakulla said, interrupting Laslur before he could finish his statement. Wakulla, like an aquatic ballerina, swiftly wafted her way over to Tin. Tin floated with his back against the glass tinted window, a little dazed. Laslur stormed off as Wakulla approached Tin. "Are you okay?" she asked. Tin was still trying to shake off the pain he felt from coming in contact with the glass tint wall. After a moment, the dilation of his eyes reverted while his nails retracted and his skin returned to its normal color. Tin closed his eyes and shook his head. When he opened them he could think a little more clearly.

"I'm fine," said Tin, " I'll be okay. Maybe coming out tonight wasn't such a good idea." "I didn't think so either," Wakulla answered, "That's why I asked you and Cursor to come along. It could have been fun if Laslur wasn't such a leech." Wakulla floated her way up close to Tin. "Yeah, why do you hang out with that guy anyway?" Tin asked as he collected himself and pushed his back off of the wall. "We used to be teammates," Wakulla answered, "And he used to be an employee at my family's country club. My parents love Laslur. They feel like he's going to be a

top certified athlete and the two of us would make a powerful couple, but it seems like we're just not as compatible as they think,” Wakulla explained.

Laslur started his career as a member of The Flyers and switched teams to play for the Oglician Order before winning first place in the previous year's tournament. Laslur lost multiple events as a member of The Flyers and made use of the Oglician’s nefarious tactics to win the tournament. “Yeah, I know what you mean,” Tin answered, “It’s always hard to match mutants with mutants. They're never really the same.” “Exactly,” Wakulla said, "I think it's something about the animal inside of us that just doesn't link up.” “Yeah, I kind of feel like that all of the time,” Tin said in response, “We seem to get along just fine,” Wakulla responded. “Raptors and salamanders aren't really that different," Tin answered. “You're right, they're not,” Wakulla said as the two of them stared into each other's eyes.

There was something about Tin’s competitive spirit and the invigorating results of these competitions that seemed to be drawing Tin and Wakulla closer together. It was as if a deeper meaning underneath the planetarial crust of human consciousness was trying to find its way through the Galaxia to the emotional frequency of the two young athletes. The two of them have been friends for years, but having been separated for several years, going to separate boarding school institutions during their youthful education, Tin and Wakulla never had the opportunity to further their friendly connection. Participation in the aim tournament this year is what brought the two of them back together and they're growing connection, during training and the start of the event, is what led Wakulla after Tin, into the woods, prompting her to plant that ever so sweet kiss upon his right cheek. Now that they were back together again, neither of them wanted to be separated from the other hemisphere of their mental social preference, choosing to occupy themselves with each other. Their own minds. Every so often, during the day, for whatever reason, Tin found himself thinking about Wakulla and Wakulla found herself thinking about him. The two of them were falling from the primal instinctual magnetization of love. Tin wished for a kiss and it seemed like his wish would be granted when Wakulla leaned in towards him, when, suddenly, another group of competing athletes entered the air hockey field room. “Hey, are you guys going to play another game or can we have a run?” One of the competing athletes asked as they grabbed pads and hockey sticks from the cubby holes at the side of the air hockey field. “No, we're finished,” said Wakulla. “Yeah, it's all yours guys," said Tin. Tin and Wakulla floated their way over to the edge of the air hockey field before stepping down onto the floor and exiting the air hockey field room.

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Tin and Wakulla made their way outside of The Wave Room Arcade and walked the sandy path back to the beach. They quickly walked the beach in search of Cursor and the beach bar. Once at the bar they found Cursor laying approximately thirty meters away on the sandy beach with his legs crossed and his arms behind his head. He was drunk from having seventeen wildberry beers. Laslur was nowhere to be found. Tin and Wakulla approached Cursor and the giant sat up. “Tin, Wakulla,” Cursor said drunkenly, "What happened? What in the? I mean really. You're going to invite me to the beach and then not even come to the beach. I'm at the beach and you're not at the beach. And my finger. You guys didn't see my finger.” Wakula and Tin quickly apologized.

“Sorry, Cursor.”

“Yeah we got a little distracted and went to the arcade. We were going to come right back, but things got a little out of hand I guess you could say,” Tin said. “No big deal,” said Cursor as he slowly tried to stand. Cursor was a little woozy and only made it halfway up before dropping to his knees. “Can you guys give me a little help?” Cursor asked. Tin and Wakulla looked at each other. “Us?” Wakulla said with widened eyes. “I'm kidding,” said Cursor. “I’ll be fine. When me and my buddies were making the great crater I drank seventy-eight wildberry beers in fifteen minutes and I was perfectly fine. I am solely responsible for the creation of the entire left wing of the crater.” Cursor pushed himself up to a standing position. “It's been a very long day,” Cursor said, “We should all go and get some rest.” The group all agreed and began walking their way up the beach. Once they were at the end of the beach, Cursor headed off in one direction towards his mountainous cave dwelling and Tim and Wakulla headed in the other direction towards a quiet part of the city where Wakulla lived. The beach lead to one end of the neighborhood of the birdhouse which was adjacent to the Solareenian Woods where lieth The Dozenth.

“This is where we part ways I guess” said Tin. “It doesn't have to be,” Wakulla said. “What do you mean?” Tin asked, raising an eyebrow. “You could come stay with me tonight. My place is a little bit closer than your Dozenth in the woods and it's way easier to get to. You could sleep on the couch and you'll get more rest. Just go home tomorrow.” Neither Tin nor Wakulla would be participating in tomorrow's competitions of this year's AME tournament so, as they walked, they agreed that they would be attending the event as spectators and analyzing the performances of their fellow competitors. Tin smiled inside, but retained a cool collected demeanor as he answered. “Great idea,” Tim said. Wakulla pulled her pocket glass tablet out of her pocket and pressed the button on the screen. The screen lit up and Pollydroop Car, a holographic autonomous vehicle application, lit up the screen. In minutes there was a black and white zebra-striped Pollydroop coupe driving its way down the street that led to the beach where Tin and Wakulla awaited its approach. The car came to a screeching halt right in front of Tin and Wakulla. Tun opened the door and the two of them stepped inside of the vehicle and sat in the backseat. The Pollydroop car smoothly maneuvered its way down the three mile long street that led to a quiet neighborhood with colored ficus and bushes lining the streets. There were

Homolinian, Placosis, and Avercee children running and riding bikes on the sidewalks of the streets. Wakulla's birdhouse was in a more uninhabited part of the suburban neighborhood. It sat upon a hill with green trees surrounding it. Wakulla's yellow and red polka-dotted Pollydroop birdhouse sat on top of a large wooden pillar that was painted yellow to match the rest of the home. The home had a small yard around it and a yellow gate around the yard. There was a red and yellow polka-dotted mailbox at the bottom of the house's pillar that could be reached by opening the matching gate and walking down the sand path which led to an elevator door at the bottom of the pillar. The layout of the birdhouse was similar to that of Tin's Pollydroop egg home except Wakulla had a front porch surrounded by a wooden gate that extended out over the pillar. There were two polka-dotted, softly cushioned, Pollydroop chairs sitting on the porch that overlooked the trees surrounding the home. The city streetlights, poking up over the trees, could be seen from the porch, lighting the surrounding city beyond.

The Pollydroop car approached the birdhouse and came to a stop near the entrance of the gate. Tin and Wakulla exited the vehicle and approached the gate. Tin grabbed the gate and pulled it open gesturing for Wakulla to step inside. Wakulla stepped through the gate while giving Tin a smiling nod. Wakulla led Tin up the sand path to the elevator door at the bottom of the pillar of her birdhouse. Wakulla tapped the screen of her glass tablet phone and the door of the elevator opened revealing a completely wooden elevator inside. Tin and Wakulla stepped inside of the elevator and it took them up to the main floor of Wakulla’s birdhouse. Once inside of the birdhouse, Wakulla led Tin to the bathroom so he could shower. Tin stepped into the bathroom and Wakulla grabbed him a towel from a cabinet underneath the sink. Wakulla handed Tin the towel and stepped out of the bathroom, closing the door behind her, leaving it cracked open just a little bit. Tin stepped into the shower and turned on the water. He again had floating miragical thoughts of the aquatic goddess that steamed through his mind earlier that day. Tin quickly showered and turned off the water. He stepped out of the shower onto the glossy hard wooden floor of the bathroom. Tin reached out for the door of the restroom and pulled it open a little, with his head, chest, abdomen, one leg and one arm in Wakulla's view from the living room. She was returning to the bathroom from her bedroom in a pair of fluffy lime green cotton ball pajamas that had short sleeves and shorts for bottoms. In her hands, she had a grey T-shirt and a pair of sweatpants for Tin to sleep in. “Here you can sleep in this,” she said. Tin took the shirt and the sweatpants into his hands and Wakulla walked into the kitchen.

Tin quickly changed out of his jumpsuit and into the shirt and pants before stuffing his own clothes into his gym bag which now sat on the floor beside the couch in the middle of the living room. Tin then took a seat on the couch in the living room in view of the large glass screen tablet that sat before it. Tin stared at the blank tablet screen for a moment, picturing Wakulla’s form as a holographic image on the face of the screen. Wakulla’s image was of her in a beautiful white nightgown that waved around from the breeze of some mysterious gust of wind. Wakulla smiled at Tin and leaned in to kiss him on the lips. Tin, still sitting on the couch, leaned forward to kiss the image back, puckering his lips and sticking out his chin with his eyes closed. “Tin, what are you doing?” Wakulla said as she entered the living room from the kitchen with a bowl of pink sugar covered popcorn. “I was just…” Tin thought to himself for a moment. “I was just stretching my neck. I got neck cramps, shoulder cramps, back pain, kinks and stuff,” Tin

answered nervously. “Maybe you could use some fresh air,” Wakulla suggested, “We can sit out on the porch for a moment and look at the sky before going to bed.” “I like that idea,” said Tin anxiously. He sprung up from the couch and followed Wakulla out onto the porch through the red stained glass door of the living room. Tin and Wakulla sat down in the polka dot chairs that sat on the porch and looked out at the beautiful night sky.

It was a mostly quiet night. The sound of large sixteen-wheeler trucks moving freights on the freeway could be heard and the emissions given off from city factories could be seen in the far distance. It was mostly dark out, but the view was lit up by the Pollydroop streetlights that were scattered about the scene. Tin and Wakulla could feel the cold breezy air of the night brushing against their arms as they sat in the polka-dotted chairs. Wakulla had her bowl of sweet popcorn sitting on her lap. It was mostly quiet for a moment except for the sound of loud mutated crickets that hid in the plants near the homes of the neighborhood and the crunching noise of popcorn being chewed by Wakulla. Wakulla was quickly making her way through the bowl when suddenly she had a thought. “Tin, you got me thinking yesterday,” Wakulla said, “When we were talking about life's treasures.” “Oh really?” Tin responded.
“Yes, I even watched the movie you were talking about. What is it? The Pirates and The Lost Treasury.”

“It's called The Pirates and The Illusive Treasure Hunt."

“That’s it. Yeah, it got me thinking.”

“About what?”

“A lot of things. Mostly it made me homesick. I haven't seen my parents in a while. I've been focused on the competition .”

“I know what you mean. I got used to that feeling after having not seen my parents for so long.”

Wakulla didn't know how to respond. She looked down into her bowl of popcorn before taking a few bites.

“But at least I get to transmit with my parents every once in awhile,” Tin added. “You should go visit your parents. They're not far.”

“That's what I was thinking, but every time I show up at the club, somehow, we eventually end up talking about Laslur and I am so not in the mood,” Wakulla said before she turned to Tin, “You should come with me.”

“With you, to the country club, to hang out with your parents?”

Tin didn't want to seem too excited so he waited a moment to answer. “Of course I'll go. I've been thinking about getting a membership at a social club.”

“I can get you more than a membership,” Wakulla answered. “Oh really,” Tim said in response. “And what is that?” “You're just going to have to show up if you want to find out,” Wakulla responded. Wakulla finished the last half of her popcorn with a loud crunch, licked the bowl and then her fingers, before setting the bowl on the porch beside her. The two of them sat in silence for a moment enjoying the sound of the crickets. Tin badly wanted to kiss Wakulla, he just didn't know what to say or how to approach the situation, so he just sat there looking up and around occasionally making eye contact with Wakulla. After a few minutes of awkward sitting, Wakulla breaks the silence. “I'm tired,” Wakulla said with a corresponding yawn, “We have to get up real early if we want to catch the opening matches tomorrow.” Tin agreed. Wakulla stood and walked towards the red stained glass door. “Wait!” Tin called out to Wakulla. Wakulla stopped in front of the door. Tin stood and they shared a nervous look into each other's eyes. “Good night,” Tin said. “Goodnight,” Wakulla said. Tin leaned in and gave Wakulla a kiss on the cheek. Wakulla smiled and entered the birdhouse. Tin sat outside, on the porch, alone for a moment trying to calm his mind before he went to sleep. He allowed the rhythm of the cricket's song to rock him into a calmative existence. ‘If only I could find this feeling out there on the track’ he thought to himself, but what could be the key to controlling this rare bodily condition. Somehow, Tin, confusingly, felt more powerful and yet out of control when his body transformed into its more Reeptilorm form. How could the scientific minds that were so efficiently developed and concentrated on the scientific analysis and genetic enhancement of the human body have created an intellectual being with contradictory structural elements that disrupt each other in their connection with the nervous system causing an never-ending progression through a series of emotional phases as a product of that disruption. Thoughts like these constantly found their way to Tin’s mind when he had the opportunity to center himself. Tin took a couple of deep breaths and stood from the polka-dot chair before making his way inside the yellow and red polka dotted-birdhouse through the red glass stained doors. Tin closed the doors behind him, stepped inside and across the floor of the living room, past the glass tablet, and laid on the fluffy red couch.

Tin laid on the couch and used one of the cushions as a pillow he turned to the glass tablet that sat in the middle of the living room floor. “Tablet,” Tin said, “Movie suggestions.” The glass tablet displayed a list of movie viewing options for Tin to pick from. Tin settled on a title called ‘The Disappearing Barnacle’. The Disappearing Barnacle was a movie about a school of mutated expanding barnacles that could grow up to ten times their original size when they ate. The expanding barnacles were captured in a bucket by a giant fisherman. The giant fisherman then took the barnacles to his cavernous home and set them on a table in the kitchen. The giant left the kitchen to prepare himself for his meal. While he was gone the barnacles attempted to swim and then climb their way out of the big bucket, but as each one of the barnacles reached the top another barnacle pulled it back down into the bucket with the rest of them. This cycle continued for a while until one barnacle killed another barnacle that attempted to stop its climb. A different expanding barnacle then killed the murderer and ate them both. This cannibalistic behavior went on for a while until there was just one very large barnacle left in the bucket. The large barnacle had expanded its body to ten times its original length, making it tall enough to crawl its way out of the bucket and onto the kitchen table. The mutated barnacle then slid its way down the

bucket and to the door of the kitchen which it squeezed itself under and around. The giant reentered the kitchen and looked inside the bucket and to his surprise there was not a barnacle inside. The giant confusingly scratched his head, but thought nothing of it. He opened the refrigerator of the kitchen and pulled out a raw swordfish to eat. The Giant gulped down the swordfish with one bite like an hors d'oeuvre on the end of a toothpick. The giant then tossed the remaining sword to the side and went off to his bedroom to slumber. The giant woke up the next day and exited his bedroom. He planned to step outside for a breath of fresh morning air. When the giant stepped out of his cave, there before him, lying on the ground, was the large expanding barnacle that had eaten all of its companions. The barnacle was being cooked by the morning sun. The giant bent down and picked up the barnacle and stuffed it in his mouth. It was a most wonderful breakfast indeed. Tin stared at the screen and watched the movie for a moment until his eyes got heavy and he fell into a comforting sleep on the fluffy red couch.

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Commissioner Emblemson had fallen asleep himself, strapped to a soft leather chair in the middle of a cave on Saloreen Mountain. The cave had a number of cavernous hallways that made a confusing maze that led to the middle of the cave. Commissioner Emblemson's hands were tied behind his back and his feet were chained to the floor. Commissioner Emblemson opened his eyes and looked around the empty dark cave. He then looked down at his restraints and struggled to get free. The Commissioner looked around the cave for objects that could set him free. There was nothing in the cave, but the chair on which he sat and the restraints on his limbs. Commissioner Emblemson closed his eyes and focused his energy before pulling his feet up, stretching the chains to their fullest extent. The Commissioner then stretched his legs into an open split and leaned backwards, rocking the seat of the chair back. The Commissioner then pulled his arms forward with all of his might. Snap! The Commissioners right wrist was dislocated and he was able to wiggle that arm out of the restraints. Then the Commissioner swung the right arm over his body, twisting his body while his legs were still tightly extended from his body. In a whirling rush, the Commissioner twisted and popped the chain holding his left foot. He brought the left foot around and fell to the ground off of the chair, catching himself with the free leg, with one chain still attached to his foot and one chain connecting him to the chair. The Commissioner then pounded his dislocated wrist against the ground, snapping it back into place. The Commissioner then stood up and used his free arm to pull at the chains while leaning back and pushing down on his free leg. The chain that was connected to the chair popped and both of the Commissioner's hands were free. The Commissioner then grabbed the chain around his ankle and pulled at it until the connecting piece came up out of the ground, pulling a piece of rock up with it.
Commissioner Emblemson fell backwards and landed on the ground as if he had just lost a tug of war. It was a winning loss. The AME Commissioner then made his way out of the room of the cave with the remainder of the chains still hooked to his limbs. The Commissioner ran through the hallways of the cave from one room to another, but could not find his way out. He ran into one empty hallway to one empty room and then seemingly all the way back again. The

Commissioner tired and brought his running to a stop, for a moment, to catch his breath. The hallway was dark and the Commissioner had run out of ideas for escaping. The walls were made of rock and impossible to carve his way through. The Commissioner put his back against the wall of the cave and slid down. He was exhausted.

Suddenly, the Commissioner heard a loud booming noise coming from one of the hallways of the cave. Boom! Boom! The Commissioner quickly stood and walked in search of the source of the noise. Boom! Boom! The Commissioner was getting closer. Commissioner Emblemson turned the corner at the end of the hallway and at its end his kidnapper, Plasmorta, a pink faced man with skinny red translucent tentacles, that lay back on his head in place of hair, was using his green hands to move a giant rock to close the forlaying entrance to the cave. The booming noise was coming from outside. The Commissioner ran to stop Plasmorta from closing the cave, but couldn't reach the end of the hallway in time. Plasmorta closed the cave and turned around. “Where are you going?” Commissioner Emblemson came to a stop a few feet in front of the man. “You’ve put yourself in a dismal predicament, creature. Let me free and I will beg the authorities to make you a deal,” Commissioner Emblemson warned Plasmorta. “You don't recognize me?” Plasmorta said. “No, I can't say that I do,” Emblemson answered. “How did you get free?” Plasmorta asked, “And all the way through the maze of the cave. Impressive, old man.”

“Who are you?” Chancellor Emblemson asked, nervously awaiting an explanation for his confiscation. “I am Placosirian reincarnated. Here to usher in a new era.” “Ha, Placosirian,” Commissioner Emblemson laughed at his notion, “Your lack of virtue indicates the opposite.” “Your lack of understanding indicates your ignorance,” Plasmorta said in response. Plasmorta, who was still dressed in his silver suit, without his winged jet pack and helmet, stepped forward towards Commissioner Emblemson and Commissioner Emblemson took a step back. The Commissioner was a little bit taller than Plasmorta but Plasmorta’s nonchalant confidence and stocky build was physically intimidating.

“What do you want with me? Shouldn't a god be somewhere materializing complex organisms or something?”

“It's not so much what I want from you, but what I don't,” Plasmorta answered and laughed a creepy chuckle. The Commissioner straightened up his body in preparation of a possible attack. Plasmorta stepped forward into a shadow of the cave and momentarily disappeared from the Commissioner’s vision. In the blink of an eye, Plasmorta reemerged behind Commissioner Emblemson and gave him a quick chop near the top of the neck. Commissioner Emblemson was knocked out cold and Plasmorta caught him in his arms. Plasmorta then dragged the commissioner down the hall and back to the center of the cave.

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Thirteen
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Fazor, Eneed, Tunton, Sorkin, Scorer and six thousand members of The Oglician Order were on the move in two hundred black, sixteen-wheeler trucks and two black tactical vehicles with the Oglician emblem painted on the doors. One hundred of the trucks were filled with the exotic mutated monsters and beasts that were once caged by the Oglicians. The other hundred were full of members of the Oglician Order in favor of a hostile revolutionary takeover of the AME Committee and the All Earth Corporation essentially making them the controlling party of Solareen. Other Oglicians, like Laslur, weren't in favor of the venture and decided to allow Fazor, an extremely determined chieftain, with a drive to make enhanced humans the leaders of the world, to attempt his takeover with those who were in agreement with a hostile takeover. The Oglicians drove the trucks through the Solareenian City and released the animals to run amuck.

They drove through the busy street of Downtown Solareen, with its big Pollydroop Skyscapers and neighborhoods of family homes nearby, and to the edge of The Great Crater and opened the back doors of the trucks. The Goblamonkees, Porcupawns, Bullpers and Pinguipeckers exited from the trucks with ferocious roars and shrieks and ran into the street and The Great Crater in search of people to kill and eat. Three thousand of the Oglicians were in pursuit of the AME Committee Office and the other three thousand were in pursuit of the AllEarth Corporation Factory and Laboratory.

“The Commissioner's failure to secure his position and his awful idea for publicizing this year's AME Tournament, provided a perfect time to release our animals and take over both the AllEarth Corporation and the AME Committee with the favor of public opinion. His disappearance only made the opportunity an unrefusable one,” Fazor said aloud as he drove one of the black trucks, with Tunton, Eneed, Sorkin and Scorer inside, down a freeway with forty-nine trucks of armed Oglicians soldiers right behind him. Fazor used a pocket tablet to call Briles. “Are you at the stadium?” Fazor asked. Briles was to compete in the flying obstacle race today before the takeover would commence. Briles answered from The Oglician Locker Room at the Stadium. “Yes, Fazor,” Briles said, “I’m preparing for my race.” “Good, later tonight, we'll be making our move. Be ready.” Fazor said before he slid his finger across the screen of the pocket tablet and ended the call. A Solareenian City Police Department Officer, Mr. Swirlington, a well built older veteran cop with a mustache and a khaki complexion, took notice of the trucks on the move and the freeway, from his squad car parked at the end of the freeway and chose to follow.

Tin woke up on Wakulla's couch and found her in the kitchen preparing a pan of biscuits. Wakulla stuffed one of the biscuits in Tin's mouth and he swallowed it, burning his tongue a little bit. “Aw,” Tin said, “Hot, but good”. Wakulla stuffed down a biscuit. They decided Tin would go

home and the two of them would meet up, once again, at the stadium. Tin changed his clothes in the bathroom and exited the bird house through the wooden elevator. Wakulla ordered an autonomous car to drive Tin to the edge of the Solareenian Woods. Tin quickly made his way through the woods and into The Dozenth. Tin sat on the couch in front of his glass tablet screen. Tin looked at the time displayed at the bottom corner of the screen. It read ‘seven thirty-four’. His parents planned a transmission for eight o'clock.

Tin closed his eyes for a while. After a few minutes the screen lit up with a holographic image of Wintin and Surge. “Galaxia, Tin,” Wintin said. “Hello Tin,” Surge greeted her son. “Hey guys,” Tin responded, “How's the mission going?” “Just fine. We've discovered a few undocumented chemical compounds. Gazed at a couple of constellations. Nothing too exciting.” “Don't lie to him honey,” Surge said, “We've been having issues with the ventilating combustion system and the pressure caused a leak in the processing system. A panel near the back of the ship flew off the rear end causing a breach in the mechanisms. We were able to repair the open panel, but we lost a lot of oil and there is no place to get more or find resources to create a usable substitution. We're going to be stuck in this galaxy, possibly forever. Floating around in space,” Surge informed Tin. This was a lot to take in at once. His father interjected. “Tin, it's nothing to worry about at the moment,” Wintin said, “Our trajectory will send us in a direction near a fuel pod eventually. Then we'll get more oil and be able to make it to another transmitting station. We'll talk to you then.” This calmed Tin. “I won my maze run today,” Tin informed them, “and one hundred thousand Crispies.” “Really!” Surge screamed, “That's great news. I knew you'd do well!” “Great job. You're on your way to be a great Captain like Elonium,” his father chimed in. Tin then took a moment to describe the attack at the stadium and the Pollydroop Factory. “Sounds like a scary day,” Wintin said. “Stay safe Tin,” Surge added and they all exchanged a few polite words before ending the transmission.

Tin entered the restroom where used the toilet and showered before changing into a blue tribal pattern shirt, matching pants and a pair of blue and grey Elonium brand tennis shoes. Tin exited The Dozenth through the elevator and stepped into the woods. Tin jumped from the big boulders on to the grassy paths that led to the outside of the woods. There were squirrels running through the trees and birds flew by overhead. The morning breeze provided a cooling sensation that balanced the heat of the beaming morning sun. Tin reached a point in the woods where the trees were thick and close together. The sky was hard to see. The tall trees rustled above and a few leaves fell from their branches. Tin looked up at the branches of the tree in search of some mutant squirrel or bird. He found nothing, but trees and sunshine. Tin stepped again with an attentive caution. The trees rustled again. Tin turned completely around in search of a follower. Plasmorta swopped down from the sky and appeared on the grassy path landing behind Tin. Plasmorta injected Tin with a syringe, filled with a blue liquid, and Tin lost consciousness. Plasmorta grabbed Tin, picked him up in his arms and flew away through the trees.

Tin awoke chained to a chair in the center of a black cave. There was a large system of glass tablet screens at the center of the cave. Twelve Pollydroop lanterns, hung on the walls and lit the dark cave. Plasmorta, no longer wearing his flight helmet, stood near the center of the cave near the system of screens. “You're awake, good,” Plasmorta said as Tin blinked his eyes open.

“Your apprehension was a disorienting experience I'm sure, but I need your full attention, my brother,” Plasmorta continued. Tin looked his restraints over and hoped to figure out a plan of escape. “Before you try to escape the chains, an improvisational application, applied as a result of a rapidly changing set of circumstances, I must warn you that you are in the center of a maze of surveilled caves and I will surely catch you before you reach an exit.” “Who are you?” Tin asked. “There's the question!” Plasmorta excitedly responded. “I’ve been dedicated with a divine moniker. I am Plasmorta. Direct descendant of the original ultimate beings, Placosirian, Reeptilo and Nonon.” Plasmorta wiped his hand across the glass tablet and the holographic image of three prehistoric mystical creatures. The image was of Placosirian, a chubby female with blue skin, and a trout head and tail, Reeptilorm, a short, bulky purple reptile with a raptoresque head, scales all over, and a raptor tail and red terydacdyl wings, and Nonon, an muscular orange haired mammal with a panther face and a long red furry lion tail, posed meditatively upon a burning mountain top.

“Have you ever heard of these beings, Tin?” Plasmorta asked. “I have in books,” Tin answered, “They're mythological gods with magic powers.” “They're more than myths,” said Plasmorta, “There the origin of mutant life on Earth.” Plasmorta wiped the screen again and the holographic image changed. Meteors came crashing down to an Earth occupied by a number of humans and prehistoric animals. A large meteor crashed into a jungle with wild erangatangs, dinosaurs and a river that flowed through, filled with rare species of fish. From the ashes of the meteor arose three perfect beings with genetic structures that absorbed, transfused and emitted natural elements. Placosarian was of the water and air. Reeptilorm was of the earth and darkness. Nonon was of fire and the light. The three beings climbed a nearby mountain, Pridjalum, and created a written origin upon a rock of the mountain. The rock was thus named The Holy Rock. The beings then allowed their elemental energy to release through their mouths and eyes. Placosarian emitted a light blue light, Reeptilorm a black and purple light and Nonon a red light. “These three beings became one with the elements when the Earth suffered from the Meta Meteor showers,” Plasmorta explained. The three beings disintegrated into the form of a blue, black, and red light, and ascended up to the sky above, leaving behind nothing but their tails. Time sped forward and the bones of their tails fossilized. A team of archeologists climbed Pridjalum and uncovered the fossils and The Holy Rock at the mountain top. “Once their bones were discovered they were taken to a lab for examination and classified as the remains of three unidentified prehistoric creatures and The Holy Rock was transcribed to a scroll and locked away,” Plasmorta explained. The archeologists vacated the mountain and The Holy Rock of the mountain broke into pieces and crumbled. “Over the years The Holy Rock was destroyed by the elements, but the scroll survived and the writings were incorporated into the initial human enhancement trials. The fossils were taken to a laboratory and stored away. Generational separation from the event and a lack of proper documentation and classification led to controversy over the authenticity of Placosirian, Reeptilorm and Nonon’s originative relevance. Their fossils were separated and sent to different labs. One of the fossils, containing the bones of Reeptilorm’s tail, was sent to the AllEarth Corporation and stored in a laboratory to be discovered by your parents as they searched for an animal's DNA to infuse with their own.” A fossil, on the glass screen, was stored in a lab and placed into a boxy silver machine. The machine birthed an egg that hatched into a little Reeptilorm. “The other two fossils were taken to labs in India and Australia,” Plasmorta said and wiped his hand across the glass screen. The

holographic images disappeared. “Those fossils were used to create three enhanced humans, two of which are you and I,” Plasmorta explained. “And who is the other?” “I'll set you free and explain,” Plasmorta said, “but you have to promise not to run.” “I promise,” Tin quickly responded. Plasmorta wiped the glass screen again and the chains on Tin’s arms and ankles released themselves automatically and fell to the ground.

Wakulla was waiting outside of the Combat Stadium. She had tried to call Tin a few times with her pocket tablet, but received no answer. Wakulla waited a moment longer before going off to look for Tin. Wakulla searched the halls and rooms of the Combat Stadium, but he was nowhere to be found. Wakulla saw Cursor in the hall that led to the Everforce training room. “Have you seen, Tin?” Wakulla asked.

“I haven't. Is there any issue? He isn't scheduled to compete today.”

“I know, but we agreed to watch the competitions today. I called him a few times, but he didn't answer.”

“He’s probably just asleep. Go check at his Dozenth in the woods. I'm sure he won't be opposed to your intrusion.”

“Right. Good idea,” Wakulla answered and exited The Combat Stadium. Wakulla used her glass pocket tablet to order a yellow Pollydroop car which drove her to the edge of the Solareenian Woods. Wakulla exited the vehicle and entered the woods.

Plasmorta escorted Tin through a string of cavernous mazes into a showroom filled with artifacts that sat on rock pillars scattered about the cavernous room. Thirty small projector lights that lit the lining of the cave room, displayed images of Galaxia and the stars shimmered throughout the room. Plasmorta led Tin to one of the pillars that held a small glowing red rock that held the fossil of Nonon’s tail and radiated an orange incandescence. “This is the fossil from which I was created.” Tin stepped to the rock and the light shone in his eyes. “I recovered the artifact from an Indian lab upon my uncovering the truth about my origin,” Plasmorta explained.
“My creator, a Professor, named Rairden, used my rock as an intrinsic article for good luck, taking the rock fossil with him upon his ship on an exploration to the moon. Airden lost the rock on the moon and attempted to return to earth without the fossil. The spaceship malfunctioned and exploded during takeoff proceedings and Rairden was killed in the explosion. The ensuing chemical reaction caused the mutation of microorganism that swam in a moon puddle and led to an expedited creationary materialization of two supreme mutant creatures. These two creatures grew and eventually made love, with the female conceiving a child. I am that child. And my parents named me Plasmorta Gomegaki. My parents absorbed information through the visitation of various astronauts and explorers over the years who gifted them with helpful technology before dying a natural death, leaving me alone as sole consistent occupant of the planet.”

Plasmorta led Tin to another pillar holding another rock. This rock was blue and held Placosarian's tail. It shone bright like the other but the light was gold, making a glowing halo around the rock. "This rock was purchased by a private investor corporation that provided the public with human enhancement opportunities for aspiring parents. A young couple adopted the use of the rock's mutant fossil and a baby girl was born as a product of an artificial insemination. They named her Wakulla," Placosirian informed Tin. "Wakulla?!" Tin was shocked. "I was never able to recover the last fossil. It's locked away in the AME laboratory," Placosirian added.

"What do you mean you *recovered* the fossils? You stole them?"

"I can't steal them. They belong to us. They are us," Placosirian responded, "I attempted to recover your fossil, but these American labs are difficult to break into unnoticed."

"So Wakulla and I are descendants of the gods?"

"Not just descendants," Plasmorta said, "We are the gods. They live on inside each of us and we will fulfill the initial quest laid out for us in the writings of the holy rock atop the mount of Pridjalum."

Plasmorta led Tin to a pillar holding a deteriorating parchment scroll with a wooden handle. "It was written in ancient Pridjalum and later translated into the version that was incorporated into the bylaws of the AME Tournament upon its creation. It says we're brothers and we both must create a child with Wakulla, two supreme beings, a boy and a girl, before we all ascend into eternal light."

"Wait, hold on right there! What do you mean? Both of us? Creating children with Wakulla? Nonsense," Tin said in surprise, "You must have misinterpreted the information or just bumped your head or something." Tin was flustered. "Let me show you now," Plasmorta said and he walked Tin over to a pillar with a scroll of the Holy Rock. "I don't want to touch it. It's fragile," Plasmorta explained, "but look closely." Plasmorta pointed to a paragraph on the scroll. The written letters on the scroll were in the ancient Pridjalum language and the words had somewhat faded over time.
"Reepholonum Fortifus Aspirinert Asai Intrallous," Plasmorta spoke the words written on the scroll, "It means the combat tournament described in the previous section was under the divine jurisdiction of the gods."
Tin followed along as he read further. "Scoornik Jjurrlolinum Passai Derrishana Fie," Plasmorta spoke on, "The tradition would continue through the direct transference of the mantels to descendiary entities. Klossurn Shurredo Intrajja Doonfurtian Spiche. They will multiply, create a new order, and become one with the galaxy. You see, Tin, this has been destined for us. You, me, and Wakulla." "And why have I never heard of this prophetic conception?" Tin questioned. "The scroll was updated and censored upon translation to current languages, removing what people thought of as esoteric gibberish, but one passage remains. The last one." Plasmorta said as he pointed to the bottom of the scroll.

“Ravinnolk Ajatteann Ashfulsh Yoladhutin Kimoerscusc Xanin Bittdresash Oohut. It means ‘may the gods reside over the games now and until the end of the galaxy’.”

Tin looked closely at the passage which was one half visible. “I suppose maybe that could be what it says, but who says this scroll means anything. The AME Committee handles the regulatory restrictions of the games and the Allaearth Corporation heads mediation between political alliances.”

“That is the problem,” Plasmorta interjected, “We are the rightful empowered monarchs of the mutant community and must take the members of the AME Committee and its Ambassador on as our army and set a new social order. You've gained the popularity of the people which will aid in negotiating a smooth transference of power.”

Tin stared at the scroll for a moment. ‘Could it be true?’ Tin thought. “You don't believe me, do you?” Plasmorta asked. “I'm not sure,” Tin responded. “Come, look at this,” Plasmorta said as he walked with Tin to one last pillar. On top of this pillar sat a small piece of a glowing gold, blue and white rock. “This is a piece of Pridjalum rock used in the first Crater Ball Race,” Plasmorta explained. The Crater Ball Race was a competition where a ball carrier ran a piece of rock to the center of the crater and back to the top of the crater again. “Desiife Molderni Arour. It means ‘May I be transformed?’ It is a prayer to the galaxy. Those were the words our ancestors spoke as they transformed into pure energy. Say it. Say the words.” Plasmorta pointed to the scroll still sitting on the pillar. Tin approached the pillar and squinted trying to read the words. “Desiifrek Monster…” Plasmorta interrupted. “Desiife Molderni Arour,” Plasmorta said. “Desiife Molderni Arour,” Tin repeated the words and undertook a transformation unlike any other. His eyes blackened, his pink exoskeleton protruded, his skin turned purple, his nails poked out, he grew an Enure, wings sprouted from his back, he grew a raptoresque tail, he breathed a puff of smoke, and then finally a large burst of flames. Tin was in his full Reeptilorm form. The words were the key to unlocking Tin’s true powers. The fire ceased to flow from his mouth and Tin coughed heavily. He bent down on one knee and clutched his chest as he breathed deep breaths. The transformation was disorienting. “Calm yourself,” Plasmorta said as he bent down low next to Tin, "Transforming has drained your energy. It will be difficult to remain in this form,” Plasmorta explained. The effects of Tin’s transformation began to reverse. “We're not like our ancestors Tin,” he continued, “We’re mutants with human genetic components. You'll have to train your mind and body to remain in your full Reeptilorm form.” And with that, Tin was back to his usual physical appearance.

He looked down at the ground on his hands and knees. “If you trust me we can take back control of what is already ours. And Wakulla will be ours.” “That's the part that's a little…detering,” Tin said, “I haven't really planned out the whole kid thing yet.” Tin tried to stand, but he couldn't. His body was exhausted. “Don't stand,” Plasmorta said, “Due to an internal alliance to the fulfillment of my purpose, I, unfortunately, must insist that you and Wakulla cooperate. I thought she would be more open to the idea if you were in compliance. I've been watching you as of late. The cosmos has seemed to bring the both of you together as I grew on the moon.” Tin slowly picked himself up off of the ground, resting his hands on his knees. He

was sweating profusely. “Now that I can believe,” Tin responded, “but I'll have to think it over.” “You'll have to think about it now. The Oglicians have made this a timely matter.” “Well if I can't have time to decide,” Tin began, “then I refuse. I'll learn to control myself on my own. Just take me back home.” “I can't do that Tin,” Plasmorta said as he pulled a glass tablet from his pocket. Plasmorta wiped the screen and a dart syringe filled with a sedative shot from the wall and Plasmorta stepped to the side as the dart whizzed over his right shoulder and stuck Tin in the neck. The contents of the syringe emptied themselves into Tin’s circulatory system and knocked him unconscious. Tin fell to the ground and his vision went black.

Wakulla finally arrived at The Dozenth in the Solareenian Woods. Wakulla stepped to the elevator door and knocked. There was no answer. Wakulla licked her hands making them sticky and used her hands to crawl up the pillar of the Dozenth. Once she reached the home at the top of the pillar she swung her way over to the stained glass window on the side. Wakulla used her right hand to slide the window open and she jumped through the window into Tin’s home. She looked around for a moment and searched The Dozenth for signs of Tin. After finding the rooms empty she made her way into the elevator and exited The Dozenth. Wakulla entered the forest and made it about halfway before there was another rustling in the woods. Plasmorta appeared before Wakulla.

Plasmorta slowly lowered himself onto a ten Enure boulder in front of her. “Goddess, divine eternal love of mine. Come with me, please my love,” Plasmorta said as he reached out a hand towards Wakulla. Wakulla took a step back from the boulder. “And who are you supposed to be?” Wakulla asked. “*We* are the leaders of freedom,” Plasmorta answered. Wakulla, immediately, tried to run in the opposite direction. Plasmorta flew after Wakulla as she sped through the forest towards the Dozenth. Plasmorta flew through the trees in pursuit. Wakulla reached The Dozenth, licked her palms, and once again pulled herself up the pillar to the window and inside the home. Wakulla tried to close the window, Plasmorta flew to the window before she could and Wakulla ran into the living room. “Call Cursor!” Wakulla screamed and the glass screen tablet in the living room lit up with a holographic image of a red phone. Plasmorta stepped into the living room. “What do you want?” Wakulla asked. “There is an ancient tradition that we must uphold,” Plasmorta answered. “Where is Tin?” Wakulla asked. “I can take you to him,” Plasmorta replied softly. Wakulla looks at the elevator door and makes a run for it. Plasmorta flies to the elevator and grabs Wakulla. Wakulla uses her legs to push herself up into the air and she twists her legs, freeing herself from one of Plasmorta’s hands. Wakulla gives Plasmorta a right hook to the chin which connects, but Plasmorta doesn't budge. He pulls a syringe from his pocket and tries to inject Wakulla who dodged the first attempt, but was stuck by the second. Wakulla lost consciousness and Plasmorta scooped her up before stepping into the elevator. Plasmorta exited the elevator with Wakulla in his arms and began to fly over the forest. Wakulla, an enhanced woman with a complicated metabolism, woke up in Plasmorta’s arms. Wakulla screamed and started to struggle. Plasmorta lost grip of Wakulla and she fell to the forest floor coming in contact with a few tree branches along the way. She landed hard, but was able to use her strong arms to protect her body during the landing. Wakulla stood and ran out of the woods towards The Combat Stadium.

Cursor was standing in The Everforce Training Room looking at a large two Enure glass tablet that fit in his palm. There was a roaring crowd watching Laslur and a Reeptilorm man compete in the joust. Laslur won the joust and one hundred thousand Crispies. The crowd applauded. Briles flew in the air obstacle race which she won, coming in first place. Cursor's palm tablet lit up with the image of a red holographic phone. Wakulla's name was at the bottom of the screen. Suddenly, a Purcupawn, an evil overgrown mutated porcupine, bursted through the doors of Everforce training room. Hundreds of Porcupawns, Bullpers, and Goblamonkees had invaded the stadium. The crowd erupted into a frenzied terror. The animals ran from hall to hall. A number of the Solareenian City Police Officers were in attendance and quickly chased the creatures around with Stingers trying to subdue the animals. Meanwhile a similar occurrence was taking place throughout the city. Porcupawns and Bullpers, and Goblakees, were destroying the city. The Solareenian City Emergency Responders were dispatched and a game of catch-the-wild-mutated-creature began.

Fazor, Eneed, Sorkin, Tunton and Scorer were in black truck in pursuit of the AME Committee Building planning to take over the building and use its resources to take over controlling power of the mutant community, essentially winning the Oglicians age old battle with The Flyers. Eneed, Tunton, and Sorkin sat in the back of the truck with two leashed Goblakees. Professor Gegsin was already inside the AME Committee building in his office. Gegsin stood from the Pollydroop table behind his desk and walked to the stairs that led to the factory floor which was one floor below where he met Ambassador Burtonin, and all twenty-three members of the AME Committee, who had been handling the functions of the corporation since Commissioner Emblemson's disappearance. Gegsin planned a meeting with Burtonin and the other AME Committee members with the pretext of discussing Commissioner Emblemson's disappearance. "So you think you have a way to distract the public from this fiasco with Commissioner Emblemson and bring the commissioner home?" Ambassador Burtonin asked. "Not exactly, but I needed you here because you've been voluntarily handling this year's campaign since Emblemson's disappearance." "Well what for?" Ambassador Burtonin asked. "I made a deal with Fazor, the Oglician Chieftain. He and a few members of the Oglician Order are on their way," Gegsin answered. "Are they almost here? We have a lot to do," Ambassador Burtonin asked. "Correct! You will have plenty to do once they're here. And now we wait," Gegsin said.

Tin woke up, with a cloth in his mouth, strapped to a chair, and looked around a dark cavernous room of Plasmorta's cave. Commissioner Emblemson was hanging upside down, from a long chain that was connected to the ceiling. The Commissioner swung around until he could see Tin. "Tin. You're awake!" Commissioner Emblemson said, "Can you get free?" Tin struggles in his chair for a moment before extending out his tongue, spitting out the cloth. "I'll try," Tin said, "So Plasmorta was your kidnapper?"

"He was. The Oglician Order planned a hostile takeover of the committee power structure. An attempt that surely would have been thwarted, so they planned to discredit my reputation, ruining the games, before having me killed. Plasmorta brought me here to convince me to comply with his own plan," Commissioner Emblemson explained.

“And you refused?”

“The only honorable decision. When I refused he shot me with a dart and chained me up here to the ceiling.”

“He shot me as well after asking me to force Wakulla to have children with us.”

“Which you refused?”

“Yup.”

“The only honorable decision given the circumstances. Now, can you get free?”

Tin wiggled around for a moment with no effect before closing his eyes. “Desiife Molderni Arour,” Tin said to himself and his body transformed. He gave a light pull and the chains popped. He was free. He jumped up to get his nails on the chain holding Commissioner Emblemson, but couldn't reach. He attempted to flap his wings and fly up to the commissioner. Tin floated upward for just a moment, long enough to swing a powerful swipe at the chain and it broke. Tin reached out his arms and caught Commissioner Emblemson as he fell to the ground and landed on his feet. Tin set the Commissioner down on the ground and used his nails to set him free of the chains. Tin helped the commissioner stand. “We need to find a way out of here. Can you scratch through the wall?” Commissioner Emblemson asked. Tin didn't answer, but growled loudly, and immediately ran to one of the rock walls of the cave. Tin began scratching the walls with his nails and the rock started to chip into pieces. Tin continued to scratch at an incredible speed and worked his way, as a human drill, through the wall of the cave. He scratched for one hundred feet until reaching the end of the wall. Commissioner Emblemson was right behind him watching, impressed. Tin and the Commissioner looked out of the opening that the hole made. They were at a height of one thousand feet on the side of a cliff on the backside of the mountainous rock that held the maze of caves. “Can you fly?” Emblemson asked.

“I've never tried.”

“Now’s a good time.”

“I'm not sure,” Tin responded nervously. Commissioner Emblemson took a couple of steps back and ran at Tin full speed, tackling him off of the edge of the cliff, sending them both falling towards the ground below. Tin flapped his mighty wings with all of his might. It seemed as if Tin and Commissioner Emblemson might come in contact with the ground below, but suddenly, a gust of holy wind blew aside the wall of the cliff and swept Tin and Commissioner Emblemson up and into the air. Tin flapped and the two of them flew up into the air. It was difficult, for a moment, at first, but Tin found his balance and flew off towards The Combat Arena.

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Fifteen

Wakulla had managed to outrun Plasmorta and found her way through the parking lot of The Combat Stadium with Plasmorta following close behind. The Flyer and Everforce athletes were working to capture the animals at the stadium. Cursor was picking up bullpers and goblakees and stuffing them into his pockets. Magnara jumped in the air and grabbed two penguipeckers by the feet. The penguipeckers carried her for a short distance before Magnara pulled her arms together causing the two flying animals to smack into each other. The penguipeckers fell to the ground and Magnara landed on her feet. Wakulla entered the building and found Cursor as he picked up a bullper and a goblamonkee and smacked their heads together, knocking out both of the animals. Cursor tucked the animals away. “Cursor!” Wakulla yelled. “Wakulla, did you find Tin?” “No, but some guy in a spacesuit is chasing me,” Wakulla answered. “Not very surprising given the situation. Plasmorta bursted in through the doors of the stadium and sees Wakulla standing by Cursor. Plasmorta looked around at the chaos of the stadium and decided to exit in pursuit of The AME Committee building.

In the streets of Solareen, the Solareenian City Emergency Responders and certified Captains made their way to points of the city under attack. The porcupawns, goblakees and bullpers were destroying city property, attacking people in hopes of eating human meals, and dedicating and urinating wherever they saw fit. Some of the people of the city screamed, running in terror, while others fought to either subdue and restrain the animals or shoot and kill the more aggressive creatures while avoiding the lesser threats. Zearcher, exited a market with a bag of groceries in hand to the scene of forty porcupawns, four penguipeckers, and nineteen goblamonkees destroying the vehicles in the market’s parking lot. A child, a little girl in a white dress, ran from an approaching Goblakee. Zearcher dropped his bag of groceries and ran through the parking lot. Zearcher tackled the approaching goblamonkee, stood, and picked up the little girl in his arms. Zearcher ran with the girl to a nearby clothing shop, absent of attacking creatures, and hid the girl inside before running back to the parking lot to help scared shoppers. Thirty of the vicious animals made their way through the gardens of The Great Crater and approached The Kabrin Hall.

The mutants occupying the gardens, the homolinian children and exercising humans scattered in fear. Sophilia and Leodus took action. Sophilia flew through the trees swooping up children and taking them to The Kabrin Hall for protection. Leodus, a well trained fighter, took to the ground, tackling, punching and kicking goblakees, bullpers, and porcupawns left and right. Shanina and Vershna stoop atop the walls of the fountain pools that sat beside the doors of The Kabrin Hall. Thirty bullpers, forty goblamonkees, nine penguipeckers and seventy porcupawns approached the doors of The Kabrin Hall. Shanina jumped the wall on the left and landed on the ground below in front of the approaching creatures. Shanina ran forward meeting the animals head on. Shanina touched the animals with an electric touch that momentarily impaired the animals on contact. Vershna, perched at the top of the fountain, threw her burning balls at the creatures, knocking down and burning a couple of them. Mari, with a black Pollydroop baton in hand, and two AME Committee ambassadors, armed with Stinger guns, exited the doors of The Kabrin Hall, to join the resistance and the doors closed behind him. The ambassador ran down the path stinging various animals while Mari swung his baton, knocking out a number of the animals, but there were simply too many creatures to restrain them all and the majority of them made it to the door of the Kabrin Hall. The doors remained closed and the creatures began beating and scratching at the door.

The nasty animals seemed to be winning the war waged on the city by the Oglicians, but the arrival of The Solareenian City Coast Guard and the reemergence of two capital figures in the history of the city changed the tide of the fight.
The members of the coast guard, in their red and gold soldier uniforms deployed themselves into the Solareen streets in red and gold tactical vehicles. The coast guard members, armed with Stinger Guns and nets, made their way around the city subduing the wild creatures that were now running wild.
Enchantra arrived at the stadium in a long black Pollydroop Car with tinted windows. The driver stepped out of the vehicle and opened the back door. Elantra, heavy set and completely green all over with grey hair, wearing red framed prescription glasses, a purple dress that was cut to fit under the large turtle shell on her back, with a Captain’s patch on the right breast, and matching heels, stepped out of the car. She had planned to make a surprise appearance during today's competitions. Echantra entered The Combat Arena and took in the chaotic scene. Enchantra quickly sprang into action. Despite her age, Echantra was strong and fast, and used her shell like a powerful battering ram to pound into the Porcupawns, knocking the unconscious. Enchantra bounced around the stadium like a ping pong ball, knocking out Porcupawns one by one.

In the city, citizens were being terrorized by the porcuwpawns, bullpers, penguipeckers and goblakees. It was a sad site to see. The families of people ran for protection. As the situation worsened, Elonium, the legendary hero, wearing his blue and black scuba suit and blue cape, a pair of black Elonium sneakers, flew onto the scene. Elonium had lighting speed and the strength of an ox. He had a set of retractable white wings he used to soar into action. Elonium also had a set of vicious teeth he could use to bite through steel. Elonium flew the streets knocking out the animals with powerful punches. Elonium had been off on a galactic tour for the last ten years and his reemergence came as a pleasant surprise to the Soareenian citizens.

Back at the stadium, Enchantra brought her bouncing around to a stop after having knocked out the majority of the animals in the stadium. Elonium flew from street to street and brought more than one hundred creatures to submission. Their efforts gave the humans the chance to recover from the attack.

The Oglicians exited their black trucks and entered the AME Committee Building. Sorkin stood by the door with a rifle to watch the door. The Oglicians forced their way into the building, holding the security guards at gunpoint, having caught them by surprise in the attack. Officer Swerlington, who drove his squad car, came to a stop about three hundred feet away from the scene at The AME Committee building.

Fazer, Eneed, Scorer and Tunton burst into the doors of the main viewing floor of the AME Committee Building, with two leashed Goblamonkees, where they found Ambassador Burton and a few aim ambassadors. The ambassadors were startled and backed against the glass tablet machines on the viewing floor. “Thank you, ladies and gentlemen but your services will no longer be needed,” Fazor said as his team scattered about the factory floor. It was a hostile takeover. “You are not in charge here," Ambassador Burton said, “This kind of behavior will have you stripped of all certifications and you'll be banned from all AME sponsored proceedings. “You can't ban the commissioner," Fazor said,” And I have a gun." He went on to say as he pulled out a pistol from his holster. Twenty of the Oglician soldiers ran in the viewing room and held the committee members at gunpoint. “You are not the commissioner,” said Ambassador Burtonin. “I am actually. You see Commissioner Emblemson failed to refresh his memory and reread the written occupational outlines and its AME policy restrictions. The commissioner was to either extend his contract before the end of his term or accept the proceedings of a re-election for the position. This agreement should have been attended to properly and the commissioner should have taken the initial transitional steps to prolonging his authoritative term,” Fazor explained.

“Fazor,” Ambassador Burtonin spoke, “ In those stipulatory guidelines it clearly states that in the case that the current commissioner is unable to fulfill his occupational duties or is removed from the position during his term the designation of the position will temporarily be given to the committee for a unanimous vote decision. We don't have enough committee members here to have a proper vote over the issue. This takes time. You can't just barge in here and say hey let's vote over who's the ambassador.”

“Yes that is the case however however it goes on to say that a temporary acting commissioner will be appointed to the position and it follows an authoritative list that should be followed from the first person in line down to the bottom the first being the vice president of committee operations is first in line and at this current time the vice president happens to be Professor Gegsin.”

Gegsin gives Ambassador Burtonin a wave. “Hey there Burty!” Gegsin said.

“Gegsin, what a pleasure.”

“Good to see you too, old friend. So as operating chief officer of this committee. I say that Fazor and the Oglicians are free to make use of the AllEarth Factory and AME Committee Building for whatever the frivolousness endeavors they have decided upon while I will take the opportunity to use the Oglician’s resources to transform the population into a highly evolving species a kind of which has never been seen before,” Gegsin explained.

“It will never be seen," said a loud voice echoing through the viewing room.

It was Commissioner Emblemson with Tin at his side. They entered the building after having flown over and passed the shooting Oglicians guarding the entrance.

“Commissioner, you're alive,” Fasor said with a scoff, “It is of no importance. We were going to kill you anyway and besides proper motions in regards to policy restriction have already been taken and you are no longer the commissioner.”

“Fazor, every motion that you have taken has been under a false pretense and thus committed illegally making false use of misconstrued policy regulations and self elevated position in the committee can never be accepted by the general public.”

“I am the general public,” Fazor answered, “The citizens of Solareen are just like me. We’re animals. We're the real leaders of the world. Our physical constructions are the peak of scientific know how. We are the ones that are going to be able to take and use the foundational elements laid down and given to us by our ancestors. Once the people see how it is you that let the city fall apart by disregarding and choosing not to accept the wild instinctual animalistic spirit of the city. The people are honestly happier than they've ever been. Every year we come together to celebrate a group of amateur athletes in search of proper certifications. These athletes participate in a number of games to entertain and uplift the spirits of the community. Why? Just practicing the use of these amazing abilities conceived by the realization and implementation of modern sciences in a divisive manner that compels the everyday citizen to believe that we should suppress the competing spirit of the enhanced human that lives in us all that was birthed with the creation of our city and the aim tournament itself instead of allowing the real heroes the common everyday enhanced human to use their abilities freely without societal restriction. I’m more than a hired puppet for teaching petty tricks. This is about freedom commissioner Emblemson. I just want us all to be our true selves,” Fazor said before adding, “Oh yeah, and I simply want to be in charge.” Fazor said.

Officer Swirlington and ten Solareen City Police Department Officers entered the building. There were sixty other officers outside the building shooting and subduing Oglician Order members outside the building. Sorkin made a run for it as the police arrived and narrowly escaped. The police pointed their guns at the members of the Oglician Order who pointed their guns back. “Don’t move!” Swirlington said as he pointed his gun at Fazor, “Solareen Police Department! What's going on here?”

“I can tell you,” Plasmorta said, stepping onto the floor of the viewing room, “None of you should truly have a say about what happens with the AME Committee.”

“Who in the hell is this guy?” Fazor said, “And why is he talking?”

“You're the one who shouldn't be talking,” Plasmorta said, “I’ve been watching you Fazor. As I flew around the city watching you kidnap nearly extinct animals and enjoy your secret meetings with Gegsin, I wept for the constituents of the Oglician Order under the control of such ignorance.”

Plasmorta stepped forward to meet the tense crowd at the center of the factory floor. His presence seemed to have a magnetic aura that pushed and pulled one away keeping them in a stationary position and its emissions could be felt by the meeting constituents.

“You should have all been considering this ancestral dispute with the same attentiveness that has inspired your confrontational efforts. You all owe your lives to Placosirian, Reeptilo and Nonon. And if you take a closer look at the very guidelines from wishing you were basing the entire foundation of your argument on either side you will see that we really owe our lives to the gods literally listed in that very documentation. The holographic images of these original AME tournament regulations are modified and simplified but the rhetoric of the original scrolls states clearly Tin and I are direct descendants of Nonon and Reeptilo and are technically the true owners of the AIM corporation and respectively controlling members of the committee,” Plasmorta said before gesturing towards Tin, “We will uphold the traditions of our spiritual ancestry and unify the enhanced human world I'm sure the ingenuity of the human mind will persevere and allow a certain portion of the human race born with or without scientific enhancements to survive and they will join us the strongest of descendants as we apply our mental fortitude at its highest level creating not only a better human physically but mentally and ethically as well. Mutant brains operating at an unprecedented efficiency have provided us with the ability to eliminate the ecological and therefore economical problems of the world today. So now we're running into one simple problem that seems to be vexing society as a whole. Some humans are just better than others. Much in the spirit of the creation of the firearm mutant technology has revolutionized the power structure of human society.
There will be a point where humans are so powerful that the gun will be an irrelevant mechanism and concentration on perfecting the use of one's own physical enhancements will be crucial to the survival of each and every individual. The strongest will survive and the bloodlines of the gods will live on through Tin, Me and Wakulla.”

“Wakulla’s not getting freaky with you man. You can't just fly in from outer space and think everyone is going to do whatever you want. I know what the scroll says, but what about everyone else? What about what we think?” Tin responded.

“That scroll is the reason that you are alive! The reason that you're here today! It's the reason you have the wings on your back! And don't forget the best part. It says that the descendants of these ancestral beings are the next in line to hold the prestigious position of mutant

monarchship. Look for yourselves," Plasmorta used one of the laboratory's a glass tablet to display the original scrolls that dictated the proceedings that led to the creation of the AME Tournament. "Three extinct mystical creatures were the blueprint for the equation that unlocked the key to enhancing humans and the verbiage of the scroll went as thus" Plasmorta said, "We're royalty! Wakulla, you Tin and I are gods! The city of Solareen is ours!"

"Plasmorta," Commissioner Emblemson interceded, "the AME Tournament was created with a democratic essence in effort to find a reasonable medium of argumentative deliberation. Your intrinsic interpretation of the fundamental elements of the original agreement agreed upon by our ancestors has been manifested with the delusional influence of perceived ostracism. Your personal vendetta with the current authority structure and inconsiderate ideals are unbefitting of a leader. And I'd say the same to you, Fazor."

"This isn't an argument. It's not a debate. The current records say Gegsin is the acting commissioner and Gegsin listens to me, so I'm in control here," Fazer said angrily.

"Not exactly," said Gegsin, "I was going to wait until later to say this, but now is as good a time as any. My enhancement beverage contains a microorganism that's flowing through the blood streams of Fazor, the Oglician Order in attendance, and all the animals you gave the formula." Gegsin pulled a glass tablet from his pocket and held it up in the air. Gegsin slid his finger across the screen a few times and one of the Goblamonkees standing at Fazor side, grew terribly aggressive. The Goblakee shook its head furiously as the microorganisms interacted with the Goblamonkees brain waves that were linked to the frequency of Gegsin's glass tablet which acted as a remote control. The Goblamonkee went berserk and attacked Fazor who simply shot the animal. "Get the point?" Gegsin asked. "What in the hell Gegsin," Fazor said angrily, "That wasn't the plan."

"Actually it was. It just wasn't your plan."

"Do you expect us all to just go along with this foolery? You've got to be joking?"

"It's not a joke," Gegsin pressed the screen again and its frequency took over Fazor's body. Fazer pointed his gun at Commissioner Emblemson and took a shot. Commissioner Emblemson dodged the shot by jumping to his left and landed on the ground. An armed police officer shot at Fazor and hit him in the shoulder. A commotion ensued with the Oglicians, Flyers, Everforcers and the present authorities firing their weapons at each other. Commissioner Emblemson picked himself up off of the ground and he and Tin headed for an exit. Tin and the commissioner took a moment to hide behind a glass tablet computer. A few shots hit the computer cracking the glass in front of them. "C'mon let's get out of here," Commissioner Emblemson said as he grabbed Tin by the hand. The two of them running for the exit as bullets whiz by.

Once outside of the factory laboratory Tin and Commissioner Emblemson ran down a hallway toward the exit. Tin and Commissioner Emblemson burst through the doors of the laboratory

and Tin grabbed Commissioner Emblemson by both arms, hoisted him up into the air, and flapped his wings. The two of them flew away towards The Combat Stadium.

The struggle in the factory continued for a moment as the opposing sides traded shots. Gegsin continued to use his tablet to control Fazor who stood in one place shooting all around. Fazor was then hit by a bullet to the chest and then another bullet to the abdomen. Fazor fell to the ground. Eneed tackled Gegsin to the ground and he dropped his glass tablet. Gegsin got to his feet and ran through the doors and outside of the laboratory. “Don't let him get anyway,” Eneed said, “He can control those microorganisms from any tablet screen.” The other Oglicians vacate the laboratory as they shoot back at the Flyer and Everforcers who attempted to chase after them. Plasmorta had a few bullets bounce off of him as he flew out of the factory in pursuit of Tin and Wakulla.

Tin and Commissioner Emblemson landed in front of The Combat Stadium and ran inside to the ensuing chaos, passing a few Porcupawns along the way. They found Wakulla and Cursor inside. Wakulla kicked a few approaching penguipeckers and they flew backwards, landing on the ground some feet away. Commissioner Emblemson rushed to help people safely out of the stadium. “The two of you should leave before Plasmorta arrives. Quick, go to the Great Crater. Mari will help keep you safe,” Commissioner Emblemson instructed. Tin had grown tired from flying and his body reverted back to its usual form. He and Wakulla made a quick exit from the stadium. Wakulla used her pocket tablet to order an autonomous cream colored Pollydroop car. The car arrived in under a minute. Tin opened the door to the vehicle and they got inside. The Pollydroop car carried Tin and Wakulla to the bridge of the freeway connecting the streets around the factory to the neighborhood of Wakulla's birdhouse.

Plasmorta flew high in the sky after the car. Tin looked out of the window and saw Plasmorta as he grew closer. “Plasmorta is right behind us,” Tin said and he started breathing heavily. Tin held back a shriek as his nails extended. Wakulla grabbed Tin by the chin and kissed him on the lips. Tin stopped breathing,looking at Wakulla in the eyes of the Earth. “You can beat him, Tin,” Wakulla said, “Think about the treasure.” Tin took the advice and closed his eyes for a moment. “Desiife Molderni Arour,” he said to himself. When he opened his eyes he was transformed having taken on his full Reeptilorm form. Plasmorta swooped down on top of the car and popped the top. Wakulla screamed. Tin stood in the seat of the car and looked Plasmorta in the eyes. Tin opened his mouth and shot a blaze of fire in his direction. Plasmorta dodged the fire before raising his hand and shooting a red laser from his palm. The laser missed Tin and cut through the floor of the car. The Pollydroop car came to a stop on the freeway Plasmorta reached out and grabbed Tin up out of the car with both hands. Tin stood in front of Plasmorta as he spoke. “You will ascend into the light whether you agree with me or not!” Plasmorta said as he flew straight up in the air with a hold of Tin. Tin struggled to get free, but Plasmorta was holding him tight. The two passed the clouds and flew on towards the edge of the atmosphere. It got harder for Tin to breathe and his body began to revert to usual form. Tin reached out with his right hand and scratched one of Plasmorta’s jet pack wings, breaking the wing into pieces. Plasmorta’s broken jet pack sent him spiraling out of control and he let go of Tin. Tin began to fall to Earth. Plasmorta spun off into a cloud.

Tin lost consciousness as he fell and it looked as if he would meet his end, but Wakulla took action. She ran for the edge of the bridge and jumped into the water of the Solareenian River below. It was an incredible dive with a splashing finish. She swam twenty yards below the surface, stopped, and pushed herself back up, torpedoing herself out of the water and into air. Wakulla's flight sent her in Tin's direction as he fell and she grabbed hold of him on her way up. Wakulla pulled him in tight. The two of them flew upwards for a few meters before reaching the top of their flying trajectory and floated for a moment, spinning with each other in their arms. Then gravity began pulling them back down again. They went crashing into the Solareenian River below with a splashing dive. Two members of the Solareenian Police Department arrived at the edge of the bridge near the Solareenian River bank. The police officers, a man and a woman in uniform, approached the edge of the river. Wakulla began swimming underneath the water while Tin sank downwards into the water. Tin was unconscious. Wakulla swam to Tin and pulled him close to her body. Wakulla swam to the surface with Tin in her arms.

When they reached the surface, Tin was still unconscious. Wakulla shook Tin trying to wake him to no avail and then pulled Tin to the river bank. An ambulance approached and Solareenian City Emergency Responders moved in. A member of the Solareenian City Emergency Responders Department, one of the three to arrive on the scene, a red haired middle aged white woman, tried to resuscitate Tin, but it unfortunately did not wake him. Wakulla frantically paced back and forth. “C’mon, Tin, wake up!” Wakulla said. Tin's chest began to move as he breathed in. Tin choked on the breath and shook vigorously before coughing up a swallow of water and opening his eyes. Tin burped a smoky burp and sat up. Wakulla ran to his side and bent down to face him. “Tin, you did it,” Wakulla said, “You beat him. I think.”

“Good, but he'll be back. He knows where we live.”

“The police will catch him before that. Cursor warned everyone about a crazy man with a jet pack,” Wakulla said as she helped Tin to his feet. “Thank you,” Tin said to the emergency responders as Wakulla’s parents arrived on the scene. Cursor had called them. Wakulla's parents Marrinian, wearing a white shirt that was tucked into her blue jeans and brown boots, and Durrino, a big burly dark man with low cut facial hair, wearing a white button up shirt, blue blazer, and black boots, who stood half an Enure taller than his wife and daughter, exited an ash grey Pollydroop car. They ran to Wakulla and Tin and Wakulla gave them a big hug. “What is going on?” Marrinian asked. “We’re wondering the same thing,” said the female Solareenian Police Department officer who was standing close by with her partner. Tin and Wakulla answered as much as they could about the incident before Marrinian and Durrino invited Tin to come with them for dinner, considering his parents were not around. The four of them got inside of the autonomous ash grey Pollydroop car and rode away.

The neon gate of The Asteroidium Country Club opened and the grey Pollydroop car, in which Tin, Wakulla, Mirinian, and Durrino sat and chatted comfortably, drove down a long dirt driveway to the large three story building of the club. The evening sky was darkening and shone a deep dark blue. Wakulla's parents adopted forty enchanted human children that ran around the country club and played games on the large grass field surrounding the country club. Tin had been to the club a few times before. They strolled down the driveway passing green-leaved trees that lined the quarter mile path to the club. They arrived at the fourteen steps that lead to the big three story white Pollydryhouse that had two smaller Pollydroop homes behind it. One home was a red two story cottage boarding house for mutant orphans and the other house, a two story blue building with a porch, was filled with bedrooms meant for visiting country club members.

The Asteroidium Country Club was a charity organization run by Marinnian And Durrino. The contributions of the members of the club funded the orphanage and its respective programs and the club provided members with a vacation destination with plenty of activities to participate in. Mirinian and Durinuu led Tin and Wakulla through the main hall of the county club. Their bedrooms were upstairs above the path of the main floor which led to a sliding red and blue glass stained window. They stepped out of the doors and down a set up steps which lead to a small train track that went from the back of the main house, around the other two houses and then out to the grass field and back again. At the end of the track was a Pollydroop train with cars the shape and color of various mutated animals. There were seven cars in total. The cars were in the shapes of a goblamonkee, a porcupawn, a bullper, a penguipecker, a wooloxicorn, a hoglercept, and a shiny gold lynx. Merrinian and Durrino got in the first car, a white wooloxicorn. Tin and Wakulla sat in the second car. A group of six children, one reeptilorm, two placosis and three homolinians children filled the seats of the remaining seats. Durrino slid his hand across the glass tablet screen that sat on the dashboard of the first car and the train quickly took off down the track. The train sped up the track to the red house and the children exited the train. The train continued past the blue house and turned through the grass field. The grass field had a set of three golf holes that were one hundred yards apart, with neon flags in the holes, which the train sped by on the way to the outer gate of the country club.

The train slowly slid alongside the gate and the tall trees that stood at its side. The temperature was cool and a breeze occasionally blew. The group of four enjoyed the tranquility of the scene for a moment. Tin and Wakulla looked at each other and smiled. Mirinian turned around to face Tin and Wakulla. “Beautiful night,” Marrinian said. “The most,” Tin answered. “I bet you guys are hungry. It's been a long day,” Durrino said over his shoulder. “We’re having Solar stew tonight,” Mirinian said, “Do you like Solar Stew, Tin?” Solar Stew was a soup stewed with mutated pink cabbage leaves and cuts of beef. “I love it,” Tin answered as he salivated. “Perfect,” Merrinian responded and turned back around in her seat. The train continued on for a minute and Tin and Wakulla took the moment to relax. Wakulla put her head on Tin’s shoulder and the two of them looked out at the trees as they passed. Once the train circled the property, it went up a part of the grass field and back to the back door of the main house. Merrinian and Durrino led Tin and Wakulla inside the house and to the dining room. Tin and Wakulla sat next to each at the long Pollydroop table, which could seat thirty diners which sat at the center of the dining room. The table had a Pollydroop lamp colored and shaped like a flame at the center of the table. There were thirty cream colored Pollydroop plates, thirty cups, knives, and forks of the same color, sitting on the tables. Two gold Pollydroop lamps lit both side of the room. Two murals of blue and foam green ocean scenes hung on the purple wallpapered walls. Marrinian and Durrino exited for a moment and returned with a large kettle of Solar Stew and a jar of wildberry juice. Marrinan and Durrino set the items on the table, sat at the table across from Tin and Wakulla, and the group began its dinner.

Marrinan and Durrino made polite conversation until things got a little tense as they started asking Tin and Wakulla about their relationship. “Wakulla, I haven't seen Laslur around?,” she asked, "What's going on with the two of you?” “Laslur's off doing whatever Laslur does,” Wakulla answered “Probably challenging a child to a toy rattling contest.” “Don't be that way, Guppy,” Marrinian answered, “You guys are cute together.” “And we’re cute when we are apart,” Wakulla said as she changed the subject and the group finished the dinner speaking of other thoughts. After dinner Tin thanked Mirininan and Durinuu for the stew and Wakulla walked with him outside to the front steps of the main building. They stood in front of the step on the front porch. “I think I like this,” Wakulla said. “Like what,” Tin asked. “Us. Ya know. The universe brought us together because of our ancestors who are gods or something crazy like that, right? That's what you were saying in the car on the way here.” Wakulla responded. “Yeah, something like that,” Tin said. “I like it, too.” Wakulla stepped forward, put a hand on his shoulder, and kissed him on the lips. Unbeknownst to Tin and Wakulla, ten white stars, high in the sky, brightened and expanded to twice their original size and a flaming shooting star shot across the sky. Wakulla put her arms around Tin’s shoulders and Tin put his hands on Wakulla's hips where Wakulla's mighty hips and soft, round buttocks met. Tin could feel a galactic electricity radiating from within as he felt Wakulla’s tantalizing body and they stood lip-locked as a red Pollydroop car made its way down the driveway. The car stopped near the bottom of the steps. Tin and Wakulla separated and held hands for a moment. “We’ll see Plasmorta again and settle all of this. And we’ll be together. The two of us,” Tin said. Tin let go of Wakulla's hands and walked down the steps before getting into the Pollydroop car which then sped away. Wakulla left the front steps and went inside the front door of the country club. Mirininan, holding the empty kettle she used

for the Solar Stew and Durrino, holding a stack of empty plates, were standing not far from the door. They could see Tin and Wakulla through the window of the door. They looked at Wakulla who looked back at them. They didn't say anything. They smiled and went into the kitchen. Wakulla went upstairs to a bedroom and closed the door behind her.

The Solareenian Police Department and the Solareenian City emergency responders tried to make sense of the animal disaster that shocked the city that day. Fazor was taken by emergency responders to a local hospital to be treated for his gunshot wounds. After treatment he was arrested and received a trial, for a list of crimes, that included starting a riot, disturbing the peace, trespassing, illegal trading, killing an endangered animal, political corruption, public endangerment and carrying an unauthorized weapon. Fazor's defense argued that his judgement was being affected by Gegsin's microorganisms which resulted in Fazor receiving a deal on his guilty sentencing. He would serve five years in jail and spend two years on probation. Gegsin escaped the other Oglicians, but was caught and arrested by Solareen police. The controls of his microorganism were destroyed and he was charged with conspiring to endanger the public and breaking food and drug regulations. Gegsin and Fazor were subsequently expelled from all affiliations with the AME Committee and AllEarth Corporation and banned for life. The rest of Fazor's crew that entered the AME Committee Building and the AllEarth Corporation Offices and Factory, and those who drove the mutant animals through the city, were charged with lesser crimes and were sentenced to stints of community service. Briles quickly exited The Combat Stadium once the attack began. She met up with Sorkin who was able to escape being arrested at The AME Committee building. The two of them continued their friendship which blossomed into a vibrant love. They planned to leave for Africa as soon as possible. Commissioner Emblemson was allowed to retain his position due to the contractual mishandling being an honest mistake. He would handle the duties of the position until a re-election could be held, a re-election that he would eventually win by a landslide. Plasmorta found his way back to his cave and formulated a new plan. The AME Committee postponed the tournament competitions until the stadium could be cleaned and repaired. Cursor went back to his cave and ate the forty-seven creatures he wrangled at the stadium. After the creatures which attacked The Combat Stadium were subdued, Mangara left the stadium in pursuit of rest at her purple raptor ranch, but made sure to tell Cursor to call her. Magnara had a crush on the giant. Laslur exited the stadium quickly after his joust. Laslur, being a part of the Oglician Order, was aware of the ongoing attack beforehand and was promised a position as the tournament's premier athlete once the Oglicians were in power. Laslur attempted to call Wakulla after the commotion was resolved, but she refused to answer. Enchantra's reemergence and heroics at the tournament were praised as she was enlisted to be the matre d of the tournament. Elonium was invited to be a special guest for his assistance in the commotion. Tin and Wakulla spent the next morning watching movies and eating pink popcorn at Wakulla's birdhouse and the evening eating fruit gelatin and watching movies at the Dozenth as the AME Tournament was postponed. After watching "The Pirates and The Returning Treasure", a sequel to "The Pirates and The Illusive Treasure Hunt" where the pirates fight over the treasure they found in the first film, the two of them left the couch of the living and entered Tin's bedroom. They laid in Tin's bed and held each other close for a moment before the two of them slowly pulled off each

other's clothes, kissed, and then made love. The stars brightened in the evening sky above the Dozenth.

After disengaging themselves, Tin explained Plasmorta's takeover plan to Wakulla and instructed her to say the magic words of the scroll. "Desiife Molderni Arour," Wakulla said. Wakulla immediately transformed and took on the form of a Placosis goddess with a long tail and sharp claws. A hard light blue exoskeleton perturbed from her joints, covering her neck, arms, back and legs. She had the power to emit a watery mist from her body which propelled her in the air. Now Wakulla really could float. She hovered above the ground and floated around the Dozenth. She could only hold the form for a minute, but a marvelous minute it was. Wakulla was excited at the realization of her true power, but was in disagreement with Plasmorta's opinion about their true purpose. Wakulla was undoubtedly falling in love with Tin and he with her.

That night, Plasmorta climbed through the blue stained glass window of The Dozenth and approached Tin and Wakulla with a proposition. While the two of them were opposed to planning their parenthoods, and the rest of their existences, that same night, they were persuaded to listen to Plasmorta due to their successful transformations. Plasmorta suggested that they would play the Crater Ball Race. Plasmorta had become friends with many members of the Oglicians Order over the years as he went undercover in the organization and spied on the AME Committee and the competing teams in preparation for his attempted reformation of the enhanced human community. Plasmorta would team up with the Oglicians and Tin would join Wakulla, Cursor, The Flyers and Team Everforce in favor of allowing Commissioner Emblemson to retain his position. Plasmorta said he would convince Commissioner Emblemson, which he did the next day, by kidnapping him once again and chaining him upside down in his cave. After Commissioner Emblemson agreed he set him free again. The AME Committee members in charge of Commissioner Emblemson's safety were subsequently fired.

Plasmorta, twenty members of the Oglician Order, and Tin, along with twenty members of The Flyer and Everforce Organizations, including Astrinae, Zearcher, and Cursor, converged at The Crater Field, a sixty yard crater, that sat in the desert plain behind The Kabrin Hall of The Great Crater. Twenty thousand Solareen citizens surrounded the crater to watch the event. There was a special addition to Tin's team that revealed himself before the start of the match. Tin would get the chance to play with his hero Elonium. Elonium flew to the edge of the crater where the competitors awaited the beginning of the competition and gifted Tin with a pair of blue and white Elonium Tin Tagger sneakers. Tin and Elonium were both represented by black silhouetted images, of them flying through the air, printed on the sides of the shoes. There was an image of a gold lynx printed on the back of the shoe, right above the heel. Tin took off his white Eloniums and put his feet into the new pair of Elonium Tin Taggers. Tin happily wiggled his feet around in the shoes for a moment before Plasmorta provided a glowing foot-long silver moon rock to use as the crater ball in the race.

The object of the Crater Ball Race was to have a runner get the Crater Ball to the center of the crater ring, that was designated by a red ten-yard circle painted on the ground in the middle of

the crater, and then back up to the edge of the crater. The opposing players attempted to tackle the runner with the crater before they could return to the top of the crater while the runner's teammates blocked, creating a running path for the runner. If the runner was tackled three times before reaching the top of the crater the other team would get a chance to run with the crater. If the runner dropped the crater ball, the opposing team was given the opportunity to retrieve the crater ball and had to return the crater ball to the top of the crater before making an attempt and traveling the ball to the center and back to the top. Completing the trip to the center and back to the top counted as a score and the runner's team would be awarded one point. The team that was first to score seven points was the winner. The players were allowed to pass the crater ball to their teammates, making the recipient of the pass the new runner. There was no flying allowed.

Wakulla, Commissioner Emblemson, Rawra, Professor Craddleson, Enchantra, thirty Oglicians, including Leodus, thirty Flyers, and thirty Everforcers, and all fifty AME Committee members, including Ambassador Burtonin, watched the match from stands in the desert around the crater. The representatives of forty media outlets were standing in front of the crowd operating thirty-two high definition glass recording tablets that would transmit the competition to viewers across the galaxy. Four officials, in grey and white uniforms, stood at different points of the craters edge.

Tin started with the moon rock first. The twenty Everforce and Flyer team members ran for the center of the crater while Plasmorta and the Oglicians ran up the crater walls from the center. The two forces clashed on the walls of the crater. Tin ran down the crater wall with the crater ball in hand as his teammates blocked. He was tackled three times before reaching the center. The Oglicians were given the crater ball and Plasmorta took the crater ball back to the top of the crater and the next possession began. Plasmorta ran down the walls of the crater as Oglicians blocked. Plasmorta made his way to the center without being tackled, but was taken to the ground before making it back to the top. Plasmorta stood with the moon rock in one hand and ran his way to the top of the crater. The Oglicians of the crowd cheered. Plasmorta had scored a point for The Oglician Order.

Tin's team was given the crater ball at the top of the crater and Tin took the moon rock. The next possession began and Tin took off down the wall of the crater. Tin came close to being tackled with the crater ball, but tossed it to Cursor before he hit the ground. Cursor barreled through opponents and made it to the bottom of the crater before turning around and heading back up the wall. Fourteen Oglicians pulled Cursor to the ground, but before he landed he tossed the crater ball to Tin who caught it with only one Oglician to beat to the top of the crater. Tin jumped up high over the tackling Oglician and made it to the top of the crater. Wakulla, Commissioner Emblemson, Rawra, Professor Craddleson and Enchantra all cheered along with the other Flyers and Everforcers.

The Oglicians took possession of the crater ball and the cycle continued until, finally, Tin returned the crater ball to the top of the crater one last time, giving Tin's team a one point victory over Plasmorta and The Oglician Order. The winners celebrated and Wakulla gave Tin a big kiss

on the lips. Chancellor Emblemson, Rarwa, Professor Craddleson, and Cursor looked on admiring the new couple. Plasmorta, at least for the time being, accepted defeat to uphold the traditions of the tournament. Plasmorta gifted Tin with a necklace holding the blue and white piece of the Holy Rock from the pillar of Plasmorta's cave, as a prize for winning The Crater Ball Race. Commissioner Emblemson had a gift for Tin as well. Emblemson gave Tin the purple fossil used in his creation, having had it retrieved from its place in the AllEarth laboratory. Plasmorta congratulated Tin and Wakulla and promised he would return some day. “We are divine siblings now and forevermore, “Plasmorta mentioned before going back to his cave and then to his spaceship, which he used to travel back and forth to the moon, and continued to look down and watch over Earth and his two siblings that had fallen in love. Plasmorta still intended to find a way to make his vision of a traditionally respective society come to fruition, but he would have to wait. Plasmorta sat patiently and formulated new plans from his ship on the moon.

Professor Craddleson offered Cursor an endorsement from the Pollydroop Corporation to play for the Pollydroop Martians, a professional Crater Ball League team. Cursor excepted. He would finally receive the attention his incredible abilities deserved. Tin gave Wakulla the necklace holding the Holy Rock and she put it around her neck. The Holy Rock glistened in the moonlight. Tin and Wakulla returned to their separate homes and prepared for the restart of The AME Competition. Wintin and Surge called Tin, from a transmitting station, while he was at home in The Dozenth. “We received a new part for their ship from an anonymous sender,” Wintin explained. “It was some sort of beautiful miracle really,” Surge said. Plasmorta was aware of their situation and sent an autonomous messenger ship, carrying a new panel, out to the Statocene Galaxy where it found Wintin and Surge’s ship. They planned to abandon the rest of the exploration and head home. The trip would take at least four or five months, but they were undoubtedly on their way home. Tin talked with his parents and explained the events of his last few days. Wintin and Surge were both ecstatic and a little confused. They were under the impression that the fossil they chose to create Tin was that of a raptor. They fed and raised Tin as such. Tin understood the circumstances of the mishap and thanked his parents for choosing to make a Reeptilorm child. Tin told his parents he was in love with Wakulla and the two of them gave Tin their blessing to do what he pleased. Wintin and Surge told Tin they loved him and ended the transmission.

The AME Tournament continued a few days later with repairs to The Combat Stadium and courageous athletes winning magnificent cash prizes. Enchantra led a celebration at the beginning of the restart of the competition. The Solareen police officers and emergency responders were honored along during the celebration as a fifty person marching band played music and entertained the crowd. Wakulla was given the chance to perform with Enchantra who offered to take her on as her protege. Wakulla, wearing a flowing blue and orange dress, danced in a small four Enure cylindrical pool near the center of the Grass Field Auditorium. Enchanta slid and spun around the field on her shell. Shanina and Vershna performed as well. Shanina used her electric body to dazzle the crowd and Vershna juggled her fireballs. Wakulla and Tin said the magic words, Desiife Molderni Arour, transformed, and flew around the stadium hand in hand. Tin was then given a Captain certification and Wakulla was, an Athlete

certification, for their efforts during the attack. Wakulla and Tin went on to study at Solareen University before beginning their careers. Wakulla then started dancing in water shows all over Galaxia and Tin became a great Captain. The two were eventually married and the AME Tournament continued on to this very day.

The efforts of the citizens of Solareen that year were examples of the originative connections shared by living creatures and the surrounding galaxy making use of the extended current of shared atoms and electrons that work in unison to perpetuate its powerful purpose allowing the frequency of which to flow through the universe from the stars, to the planets and to the the Galaxy's inhabiting creatures. Burning celestial objects floating in space aligned themselves to cause a string of interspecies collisions with a materializing supernatural effect. The future of Galaxia dared to rest its fate on the breaths and backs of humans using their scientific inclinations and natural instinctual dispositions to fulfill a desire for exploration and discovery with a domino effect leading to the rapid increase of evolutionarily advanced beings and alternative healing options for humans in need. The resulting fruits of these virtuous accomplishments are measured out, in pounds, ounces, liters and grams, and audaciously rationed out to the creatures that have planted themselves on the landscape of the great rocky planet formations that serve as stages to the stories of every mind capable of perceiving, comprehending and expressing thoughts of that labor.

The city of Solareen is just one of many cities on Earth filled with faithful citizens working to create an unfindable utopian existence in which the very pursuit of entices and then satisfies every curious soul. The contents of the galactic aesthetic have made themselves visible to us with the intention of being perceived and praised. The human need to replace one’s self with the maternal and overall decisive authority of the members of that furnishing is the contradictory mentality that puzzles otherwise all knowing minds. The limitations of personal thought lay within a reasonably constricted dimension to allow a freedom of control able variables giving life to the theory of cause and effect.

Love lives within the limitations of that and every dimension. Alternate realities have the same allowance and the essence of the resulting feeling remains constant throughout the fluidity of the surrounding presets. Religious and spiritual contrivances of mystics and praying hopefuls give meanings with appropriate metaphorical culminations that arrived at the doors of inspiration. Those with life adjust themselves to the allotted amount of lucidity we embrace in choosing how we maneuver through time’s wires that string together and form a larger unified image that includes the absence of impossibility in its existence. The only comparable delivery of this creationary property would be an eternal life that can't be seen with the eye, but with energy’s force itself. People, upon birth, receive an impression of an emotional influence that sensationalizes itself in the form of hopes and dreams that leaves its imprint on the heart. Though one can never really fully control, or boss around the stars that shine in the walls of the galaxy, findings of consecutive anomalies with lasting memories that live a slightly modified life from their original counterparts come as treasures to the speech and physical activity.

If we continue trending in the right direction we'll eventually exceed the expectations of dreamed paradisiacal and utopian predictions entering an initially incomparable standard of life that will reset the galaxy's capacity to have a Genesis with seeds of perfection birthed into its dwellings. Tin's story can be observed with a magnified interest in the mental and physical health of bodies circulating fluids of essentiality. Events and incidents are given lasting attention due to the probable evidence of their stance in history and the effects they have on the occupants of any given civilization. The trade of knowledge of these experiences are held with great regard and the lack thereof has unfortunate consequences according to community implementation and acceptance. The language used to communicate thoughts of insisted actions and reactions can be misconstrued as a cause of their spectrum of intrinsic meaning. Tradition plays a large part in coming to a consensus when legislating the dividend as society's progression meaning what sounds correct eventually becomes just that. Once a consensus has been found it lives on through generations and a missing brick in that holy road can cause a dangerously painful hole that could trip travelers in search of the eternal light energy that fuels our lives. In billions of years Tin, Wakulla, Cursor, Plasmorta and the citizens of Solareen will be long forgotten, but their efforts will push neighboring happenings into fruition and their stories will inspire similar effects in perception and therefore cause a ripple effect that bounces from one being to another connecting us all in this beautifully dreary existence.

Tab 2